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The Dressmaker's Thrush.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Oh, 'tis the brightest morning
Out in the laughing street,
That e'er the round earth flash'd into,
The joy of May to meet!
Floods of more gleaming sunshine
Never the eye saw roll'd
O'er pavement, and chimney, and cold grey
gables.
That turns in the light to gold;
And yet, as she wearily stitches,
She hears her caged Thrush sing,
"Oh, would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright spring!"
Light of the new-born verdure!
Glory of jocund May!
What gladness is out in leafy lanes—
What joy in the fields to-day!
What sunbursts are in the woodlands,
What blossoms the orchards through!
The meadows are snow'd with daisy stars,
And the winds are thrilled with song;
And yet, as she stitches,
She hears her caged Thrush sing,
"Oh, would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright spring!"
Close in the court, and darken'd,
On which her bare room looks,
Whose only wealth is its wall's one print,
And its mantle's few old books;
Her spare cold bed in the corner,
Her single, worn, worn chair,
And the grate that looks so dusty and dull,
As never a fire were there;
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She hears her caged Thrush sing,
"Oh, would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright spring!"
Out, in the gleaming sunshine;
Out, in the golden air;
In, scarce a gleam of the bright May sun
Can, dull'd and dim, reach there;
In darkness close and foul to be breathed,
That blanches her cheek to white,
Her rounded features sharpen and thin,
And dulls her once keen sight;
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She and her caged Thrush sing,
"Oh, would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright spring!"
Days that are clouded and dull,
Winter—though winter bring
Cold keen frost to her fireless room—
Are dearer to her than spring;
For then, on her weary sewing,
Less often her worst thoughts come,
Of the pleasant lanes, and the country air,
And the field-paths trod by some.
And so, as she wearily stitches,
She and her caged Thrush sing,
"Oh, would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright spring!"

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

CHAPTER X.

In sight of both armies, with glowing cheeks and looks of modest humility, Sintram was conducted by the brave baron up the hill where Gabrielle stood in all the lustre of her beauty. Both warriors bent the knee before her, and Folko said, solemnly, "Lady, this valiant youth of a noble race has deserved the reward of this day's victory. I pray you let him receive it from your fair hand."
Gabrielle bowed courteously, took off her scarf of blue and gold and fastened it to a bright sword, which a page brought to her on a cushion of cloth of silver. She then, with a smile, presented the noble gift to Sintram, who was leading forward to receive it, when suddenly Gabrielle drew back, and turning to Folko, said, "Noble baron, should not he on whom I bestow a scarf and sword be first admitted into the order of knighthood?" Light as a feather, Folko sprang up, and bowing low before his lady, gave the youth the accolade with solemn earnestness. Then Gabrielle buckled on his sword, saying, "For the honor of God and the service of virtuous ladies, young knight, I saw you fight, I saw you conquer, and my earnest prayers followed you. Fight and conquer often again, as you have done this day, that the beams of your renown may shine over my far-distant country." And at a sign from Folko, she offered her tender lips for the new knight to kiss. Thrilling all over, and full of a holy joy, Sintram arose in deep silence, and hot tears streamed down

his softened countenance, whilst the shout and the trumpets of the assembled troops greeted the youth with stunning applause. Old Rolf stood silently on one side, and as he looked in the mild beaming eyes of his foster-child, he calmly and piously returned thanks:—

"The strife at length hath found its end,
Rich blessings now shall Heaven send!
The evil foe is slain!"

Biörn and Jarl Eric had the while been talking together eagerly, but not unkindly. The conqueror now led his vanquished enemy up the hill and presented him to the baron and Gabrielle, saying, "Instead of two enemies you see two sworn allies; and I request you, my beloved guests and kinsmen, to receive him graciously as one who henceforward belongs to us."

"He was so always," said Eric, smiling; "I sought, indeed, revenge; but I have now had enough of defeats both by sea and land. Yet I thank heaven that neither in the Grecian seas, to the sea-king, nor on Niflung's Heath, to you, have I yielded ingloriously."

The lord of Montfaucon assented cordially, and heartily and solemnly was reconciliation made. Then Jarl Eric addressed Gabrielle with so noble a grace, that with a smile of wonder she gazed on the gigantic grey hero, and gave him her beautiful hand to kiss.

Meanwhile Sintram was speaking earnestly to his good Rolf, and at length he was heard to say, "But before all, be sure that you bury that very brave knight whom my battle-axe smote. Choose out the greenest hill for his resting-place, and the loftiest oak to shade his grave. Also, I wish you to open his vizor and to examine his countenance carefully, that so, though mortally smitten, we may not bury him alive; and moreover, that you may be able to describe to me him to whom I owe the noblest prize of victory."

Rolf bowed readily, and went.

"Our young knight is speaking there of one amongst the slain of whom I should like to hear more," said Folko, turning to Jarl Eric. "Who, dear Jarl, was that wonderful chieftain who led on your troops so skillfully, and who at last fell under Sintram's powerful battle-axe?"

"You ask me more than I know how to answer," replied Jarl Eric. "About three nights ago this stranger made his appearance amongst us. I was sitting with my chieftains and warriors round the hearth, forging our armour, and singing the while. Suddenly, above the din of our hammering and our singing, we heard so loud a noise that it silenced us in a moment, and we sat motionless as if we had been turned into stone. Before long the sound was repeated; and at last we made out that it must be caused by some person blowing a huge horn outside the castle, seeking for admittance. I went down towards the gate, and as I passed through the courtyard all my dogs were so terrified by the extraordinary noise as to be howling and crouching in their kennels instead of barking. I chid them, and called to them, but even the fiercest would not follow me. Then, thought I, I must show you the way to set to work; so I grasped my sword firmly, I set my torch on the ground close beside me, and I let the gates fly open without further delay. For I well knew that it would be no easy matter for any one to come in against my will. A loud laugh greeted me, and I heard these words, 'Well, well, what mighty preparations are these before one small man can find the shelter he seeks!' And in truth I did feel myself reden with shame when I saw the small stranger standing opposite to me quite alone. I called to him to come in at once, and offered my hand to him; but he still showed some displeasure, and would not give me his in return. As he went up, however, he became more friendly—he showed me the golden horn on which he sounded that blast, and which he carried screwed on his helmet, as well as another exactly like it. When he was sitting with us in the hall, he behaved in a very strange manner—sometimes he was merry, sometimes cross; by turns courteous and rude in his demeanor, without any one being able to see a motive for such constant changes. I longed to know where he came from; but how could

I ask my guest such a question? He told us much as this, that he was starved with cold in our country, and that his own was much warmer. Also, he appeared well acquainted with the city of Constantinople, and related fearful stories of how brothers, uncles and nephews, nay, even fathers and sons, thrust each other from the throne, blinded, cut out tongues, and murdered. At length he said his own name—it sounded harmonious, like a Greek name—but none of us could remember it. Before long he displayed his skill as an armourer. He understood marvellously well how to handle the red-hot iron, and how to form it into more murderous weapons than any I had ever before seen. I would not suffer him to go on making them, for I was resolved to meet you in the field with equal arms, and such as we are all used to in our northern countries. Then he laughed, and said he thought it would be quite possible to be victorious without them, by skilful movements and the like; if only I would entrust the command of my infantry to him, I was sure of victory. Then I thought that he who makes arms well must also wield them well—yet I required some proof of his powers. Ye lords, he came off victorious in trials of strength such as you can hardly imagine; and although the fame of young Sintram, as a bold and brave warrior, is spread far and wide, yet I can scarce believe that he could slay such an one as my Greek ally."

He would have continued speaking, but the good Rolf came hastily back with a few followers, the whole party so ghostly pale that all eyes were involuntarily fixed on them, and looked anxiously to hear what tidings they brought. Rolf stood still, silent and trembling.

"Take courage, my old friend," cried Sintram. "Whatever thou mayest have to tell is truth and light from thy faithful mouth."

"My dear master," began the old man, "be not angry, but as to burying that savage warrior whom you slew, it is a thing impossible. Would that we had never opened that wide hideous vizor! For so horrible a countenance grined at us from underneath it, so distorted by death, and with so hellish an expression, that we hardly kept our senses. We could not by any possibility have touched him. I would rather be sent to kill wolves and bears in the desert, and look on whilst fierce birds of prey feast on their carcases."

All present shuddered, and were silent for a time, till Sintram nerved himself to say, "Dear good old man, why use such wild words as I never till now heard you utter? But tell me, Jarl Eric, did your ally appear altogether so awful while he was yet alive?"

"Not as far as I know," answered Jarl Eric, looking inquiringly at his companions, who were standing around. They said the same thing; but on further questioning, it appeared that neither the chieftain, nor the knights, nor the soldiers, could say exactly what the stranger was like.

"We must then find it out for ourselves, and bury the corpse," said Sintram; and he signed to the assembled party to follow him. All did so except the lord of Montfaucon, whom the whispered entreaty of Gabrielle kept by her side. He lost nothing thereby. For though Niflung's Heath was searched from one end to the other many times, yet the body of the unknown warrior was no longer to be found.

CHAPTER XI.

The joyful calm which came over Sintram on this day appeared to be more than a passing gleam. If too, at times, a thought of the knight Paris and Helen would inflame his heart with bolder and wilder wishes, it needed but one look at his scarf and sword, and the stream of his inner life glided again clear as a mirror, and serene within.

"What can man wish for more than has been already bestowed on me?" would he say to himself at such times, in still delight. And thus it went on for a long while.

The beautiful northern autumn had already begun to redden the leaves of the oaks and elms round the castle, when one day it happened that Sintram was sitting in company

with Folko and Gabrielle in almost the very same spot in the garden where he had before met that mysterious being whom, without knowing why, he had named the Little Master. But on this day how different did everything appear! The sun was sinking slowly over the sea, the mist of an autumnal evening was rising from the fields and meadows around, towards the hill on which stood the huge castle. Gabrielle, placing her lute in Sintram's hands, said to him:

"Dear friend, so mild and gentle as you now are, I may well dare to entrust to you my tender little darling. Let me again hear you sing that lay of the land of flowers, for I am sure that it will now sound much sweeter than when you accompanied it with the vibrations of your fearful harp."

The young knight bowed as he prepared to obey the lady's commands. With a grace and softness hitherto unwonted, the tones resounded from his lips, and the wild song appeared to transform itself, and to bloom into a garden of the blessed. Tears stood in the eyes of Gabrielle; and Sintram, as he gazed on the pearly brightness, poured forth tones of yet richer sweetness. When the last notes were sounded, Gabrielle's angelic voice was heard to echo them, and as she repeated

"Sing high, sing low, for the land of flowers,"

Sintram put down the lute, and sighed with a thankful glance towards the stars, now rising in the heavens. Then Gabrielle, turning towards her lord, murmured these words:

"Oh, how long have we been far away from our own shining castles and bright gardens! Oh! for that land of the sweetest flowers!"

Sintram could scarce believe that he had heard right, so suddenly did he feel himself as if shut out from paradise. But his last hope vanished before the courteous assurances of Folko, that he would endeavor to fulfill his lady's wishes the very next week, and that their ship was lying off the shore ready to put to sea. She thanked him with a kiss imprinted softly on his forehead, and leaning on his arm she bent her steps, singing and smiling, towards the castle.

Sintram, troubled in mind, as though converted to stone, remained behind forgotten. At length, when night was now in the sky, he started up wildly, ran up and down the garden, as if all his former madness had again taken possession of him, and then rushed out and wandered upon the wild moonlit hills. There he dashed his sword against the trees and bushes, so that on all sides was heard a sound of crashing and falling. The birds of night flew about him screeching in wild alarm; and the deer, startled by the noise, sprang away and took refuge in the thickest coverts.

On a sudden old Rolf appeared, returning home from a visit to the chaplain of Drontheim, to whom he had been relating, with tears of joy, how Sintram was softened by the presence of the angel Gabrielle—yes, almost healed; and how he dared to hope that the evil dreams had yielded. And now the sword, as it whizzed round the furious youth, had well nigh wound the good old man. He stopped short, and clasping his hands, he said, with a deep sigh:

"Alas, Sintram! my foster child, darling of my heart, what has come over thee, thus fearfully stirring thee to rage?"

The youth stood awhile as if spell-bound; he looked in his old friend's face with a fixed and melancholy gaze, and his eyes became dim, like expiring watch fires seen through a thick cloud of mist. At length he sighed forth these words, almost inaudibly:

"Good Rolf, good Rolf, depart from me! thy garden of heaven is no home for me, and if sometimes a light breeze blow open its golden gates, so that I can look in and see the flowery meadow land, where the dear angels dwell, then straightway between them and me come the cold north wind and the icy storm, and the sounding doors fly together, and I remain without—lonely, in endless winter."

"Beloved young knight, oh listen to me—listen to the good angel within you! Do you not bear in your hand that very sword with which the pure lady girded you? Does not

her scarf wave over your raging breast? Do you not recollect how you used to say that no man could wish for more than had fallen to you?"

"Yes, Rolf, I have said that," replied Sintram, sinking on the mossy turf, bitterly weeping.

Tears also ran over the old man's white beard. Before long the youth stood again erect, his tears ceased to flow, his looks were fearful, cold and grim; and he said: "You see, Rolf, I have passed blessed and peaceful days, and I thought that the powers of evil would never again have dominion over me. So, perchance, it might have been, as day would ever be, did the sun ever stand in the sky. But ask the poor benighted earth wherefore she looks so dark! Bid her again smile as she was wont to do! Old man, she cannot smile; and now that the gentle compassionate moon has disappeared behind the clouds with her holy funeral veil, she cannot even weep. And in this hour of darkness, all that is wild and mad wakes up. So, stop me not, I tell thee, stop me not! Hurrah, behind, behind the pale moon!" His voice changed to a hoarse murmur at these last words, storm-like. He tore away from the trembling old man, and rushed through the forest. Rolf knelt down and prayed, and wept silently.

CHAPTER XII.

Where the sea beach was wildest, and the cliffs most steep and rugged, and close by the remains of three shattered oaks, haply marking where, in heathen times, human victims had been sacrificed, now stood Sintram, leaning, as if exhausted, on his drawn sword, and gazing intently on the dancing waves. The moon had again shone forth, and as her pale beams fell on his motionless figure through the quivering branches of the trees, he might have been taken for some fearful idol-image. Suddenly some one on the left half raised himself out of the withered grass, uttered a faint groan, and again lay down. Then between the two companions began this strange talk:

"Thou that movest thyself so strangely in the grass, dost thou belong to the living or to the dead?"

"As one may take it. I am dead to heaven and joy—I live for hell and anguish."

"Methinks that I have heard thee before."

"Oh, yes."

"Art thou a troubled spirit? and was thy life blood poured out here of old in the sacrifice to idols?"

"I am a troubled spirit; but no man has ever, or can ever, shed my blood. I have been cast down—oh, into a frightful abyss!"

"And didst thou there break thy neck?"

"I live, and shall live longer than thou."

"Almost thou seemest to me the crazy pilgrim with the dead men's bones."

"I am not he, though often we are companions; aye, walk together right near and friendly. But to you be it said, he thinks me mad. If sometimes I urge him, and say to him, 'Take!' then he hesitates, and points upwards towards the stars. And again, if I say, 'Take not!' then, to a certainty, he seizes on it in some awkward manner, and so he spoils my best joys and pleasures. But, in spite of this, we remain in some measure brothers in arms, and, indeed, all but kinsmen."

"Give me hold of thy hand, and let me help thee to get up."

"Ho, ho! my active young sir, that might bring you no good. Yet, in fact, you have already helped to raise me. Give heed awhile."

Wild and ever wilder were the struggles on the ground; thick clouds hurried over the moon and stars, on a long unknown wild journey, and Sintram's thoughts grew no less wild and stormy, while far and near an awful howling could be heard amidst the trees and the grass. At length the mysterious being arose from the ground. As if with a fearful curiosity, the moon, through a rent in the clouds, cast a beam upon Sintram's companion, and made clear to the shuddering youth that the Little Master stood by him.

"Avant!" cried he, "I will listen no more to thy evil stories about the knight Paris; they would end by driving me quite mad."

"My stories about Paris are not needed for that!" grinned the Little Master; "it is enough that the Helen of thy heart should be journeying towards Montfaucon. Believe me, madness has thee already, head and heart."

Or wouldst thou that she should remain? For that, however, thou must be more courteous to me than thou art now."

Therewith he raised his voice towards the sea, as if fiercely rebuking it, so that Sintram could not but shudder and tremble before the dwarf. But he checked himself, and grasping his sword hilt with both hands, he said, contemptuously:

"Thou and Gabrielle! what acquaintance hast thou with Gabrielle?"

"Not much," was the reply; and the Little Master might be seen to quake with fear and rage as he continued: "I cannot well bear the name of thy Helen; do not din it in my ears ten times in a breath. But if the tempest should increase? If the waves should swell, and roll on till they form a foaming ring round the whole coast of Norway? The voyage to Montfaucon must in that case be altogether given up, and thy Helen would remain here, at least through the long, long, dark winter."

"If I!" replied Sintram, with scorn; "is the sea thy bond-slave? Are the storms thy fellow workmen?"

"They are rebels, accused rebels," muttered the Little Master in his red beard; "thou must lend me thy aid, sir knight, if I am to subdue them; but thou hast not the heart for it."

"Boaster! evil boaster!" answered the youth, "what dost thou ask of me?"

"Not much, sir knight; nothing at all for one who has strength and ardour of soul. Thou needest only look at the sea steadily and keenly for one half-hour, without ever ceasing to wish with all thy might that it should foam and rage and swell, and never again rest till winter has laid its icy hold upon your mountains. Then winter is enough to hinder Duke Menelaus from his voyage to Montfaucon. And now give me a lock of your black hair, which is blowing so wildly about your head, like ravens' or vultures' wings."

The youth drew his sharp dagger, madly cut off a lock of his hair, threw it to the strange being, and now gazed, as he desired, powerfully wishing, on the waves of the sea. And softly, quite softly, did the waters stir themselves, as one whispers in troubled dreams who would gladly rest and cannot. Sintram was on the point of giving up, when in the moonbeams a ship appeared, with white-swallowing sails, towards the south. Anguish came over him, that Gabrielle would soon thus quickly sail away; he wished again with all his power, and fixed his eyes intently on the watery abyss.

"Sintram," a voice might have said to him—"ah, Sintram, art thou indeed the same who so lately wert gazing on the moistened heaven of the eyes of Gabrielle?"

And now the waves heaved more mightily, and the howling tempest swept over the ocean; the breakers, white with foam, became visible in the moonlight. Then the Little Master threw the lock of Sintram's hair up towards the clouds, and as it was blown to and fro by the blast of wind, the storm burst in all its fury, so that sea and sky were covered with one thick cloud, and far off might be heard the cries of distress from many a sinking vessel.

But the crazy pilgrim with the dead men's bones rose up in the midst of the waves, close to the shore, gigantic, tall, fearfully rocking; the boat in which he stood was hidden from sight, so mightily raged the waves round about it.

"Thou must save him, Little Master—thou must certainly save him," cried Sintram's voice, angrily entreating, through the roaring of the winds and waves.

But the dwarf replied, with a laugh:

"Be quite at rest for him; he will be able to save himself. The waves can do him no harm. Seest thou? They are only begging of him, and therefore they jump up so boldly round him; and he gives them bountiful alms—very bountiful, that I can assure thee."

In fact, as it seemed, the pilgrim threw some bones into the sea, and passed scathless on his way. Sintram felt his blood run cold with horror, and he rushed wildly towards the castle. His companion had either fled or vanished away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STRANGE COMPANIONS OF PRISON LIFE.—SPIDERS, RATS AND MICE.—After having gained the love of a spy, Pelisson found it easier to tame a spider. This insect had drawn its web over the bars of the grating which allowed light

and air to enter the cell; he spared it the trouble of watching for its prey by placing half-dried flies on the edge of the grating, which the spider came down to fetch. It soon grew accustomed to this system, and soon ventured to come and take its prey out of Pelisson's hand. He continued his experiments in spider education, and it soon came to its master's hand, not merely at his voice, but at the sound of a fife, played by a Basque who watched him. It would walk familiarly on Pelisson's knees, and seemed to be grateful to the man who treated it with so much kindness. It was no longer a spider in Pelisson's eyes—it was a friend, a companion in misfortune, a state prisoner. We cannot believe that a governor of the Bastille, M. de Bese-maux, had the barbarity to trample underfoot this companion of an unhappy man. It would be almost a crime, the more odious as it could only be suggested by base and stupid cruelty, but a brutal and half-intoxicated turnkey was probably the perpetrator of this murder, which drew from the prisoner this mournful exclamation: "Ah, sir, you have caused me greater pain than you could have produced by all the tortures in the world. I would rather you had killed me!"

A prisoner named Liard, whom Constantin de Renneville had as his companion in his room and cell, had tamed rats, which eat and slept with him. This man, who was accused of having published libels against the king and court, had not a friend in the world, and had become attached to his prison by the affection which he had inspired among these vile animals; he even cursed any one who was sent to share the "stone jerkin" in which he was rotting on his straw. He knew them all by the names he had given them, and could distinguish them one from the other. One was called Ratanpau, another Le Goulu, a third Le Friand, and so on. When he dined, you might see all these rats come round his dish and make a horrible disturbance, while he tried to keep them on friendly terms. "Come, Goulu," he would say to one, "you eat too fast. Let Le Friand come up to have his share. Why didst thou bite Ratanpau?" And he tried to lecture these indolent brutes as if they had been gifted with intelligence. "If I had killed one of those villainous animals," adds the eye witness, "he would have flown at my throat. It was a pleasure which diverted me many times, to see him call these brutes by their names. You might see them come out of their holes as if to receive orders; he gave them a little piece of bread, after which he sent them back to their holes by giving them a gentle tap on the tail."

After having been separated from his friend D'Allaire, who had shared the wondrous trials and fortunate issue of his first escape, he sought among abject animals for another sort of friendship, which would, at least, enable him to endure the burden of solitude. His new friends were rats that he had tamed. "To them," he writes, "I owed the only fortunate distraction I found during my long wretchedness." These rats disturbed him greatly by coming to eat his straw, and even biting him in the face; he resolved, therefore, that as he was forced to live with them, he would try to inspire them with some degree of affection. One day, a huge rat having made its appearance, he called it gently and threw it some crumbs of bread, which it took after some hesitation, and carried off to its hole. The next day the rat re-appeared, and required less pressing to come and take the bread. On the third day the rat became more familiar and more voracious, because Latude deprived himself of a portion of his daily ration of meat to attract this hungry guest; on the ensuing days the rat, whose confidence increased with each repast, came up at a full trot to take its meal from the prisoner's hand. This was not all; example is as contagious among rats as among men. The rat took new lodgings, and summoned its wife and six young ones; they took up their quarters around Latude, who gave them names, and taught them to walk on their hind legs, to reach their food, which was hung up about two feet from the ground. This society of rats found themselves so comfortable that they showed their teeth at any intruder who tried to enter their ranks; they multiplied patriarchally up to the number of twenty-six, great and small, who lived, like Latude, on the king's bread. The spiders were, doubtless, of a more savage character than the rats, for Latude never succeeded in taming a single one. Although he offered them flies

and insects, although he seduced them by whistling and playing the flageolet (which he had formed by taking a wheat stalk out of his paillasson), the spiders would not yield to the soft impeachment, and hence he concluded that Pelisson's spider was only a myth. Still, the Baron de Trenck, confined during the same period at Magdeburg, found his spiders much tamer; he had even promised to render a brilliant homage to the marvellous instincts of these insects, and he would have furnished some powerful arguments in favour of animals possessing a soul. He merely relates, however, in his memoirs, the touchy history of the mouse which he tamed to such a degree that it came to eat out of his mouth. "I could not," he says, "trace all the reflections which the astonishing intelligence of this animal produced in me." One night the mouse, by leaping, scratching and gnawing caused such a disturbance that the major, summoned by the sentinels, commanded a round of the prison, and himself examined the locks and bolts, to assure himself that no attempt at escape was being made. The Baron de Trenck confessed that all the noise was produced by the mouse, which could not sleep, and demanded its master's liberty. The major seized the mouse and carried it off to the guard-room. On the next day the mouse, which had tried with great courage to gnaw its way through the door, waited for the dinner hour, to return to its master at the heels of the gaoler. Trenck was greatly surprised to find it climbing up his knee and giving him manifold caresses. The major seized the poor animal a second time, refusing to restore it to the prisoner; but he made it a present to his own wife, who put it in a cage, hoping to bring it round by kind treatment and good food. Two days later the mouse, which would take no food, was found dead. Grief had killed it.

PROGRESS OF VEGETABLE LIFE.—First upon the burning sand, or naked rock, the simple structure of vegetable life, the lichen, almost invisible to the eye, fixes itself, blown possibly by the breeze. Its generation is scarcely understood; it boasts no flowers which require time for their development, or food for their secretion. They struggle through the ephemeral existence either upon the confines of eternal snow or upon the scorching region of the torrid zone; they fulfil the general law of nature—they die, but in their decay they are the harbingers of life; they decompose; the particles of which they are formed unite with the oxygen of the air; an acid the result, which eats its way into the crevices of the rocks, or insinuates itself amid sand, when its other particles form new combinations, and, burying themselves, become first layer of vegetable mould; cracks and crevices thus are formed, in which moisture is deposited; these become enlarged, either by the expansion produced by heat, or frost; the granite mass is burst asunder, slow disintegration occurs. In the thin stratum of mould, a tribe, a little higher in the scale of vegetable life, is developed, producing some elegantly formed moss, which bears miniature resemblance to trees and shrubs, too, run through their destined course they die, and leave behind their remains the birth-place of some more perfect plant, such as the grasses, the saxifrages, the wood, and plants with small leaves and slender stems. The vegetable mould deepens, generation succeeds to generation, plants of more complex structure, of a big nature, such as shrubs and bushes, begin to rise upon the rock or the sand, now no longer an inhospitable mass; at the last, the lofty monarchs of the forest are developed, spread over an immense surface, for perhaps a single seed, wafted by the wind, bore some bird, washed by some flood, or swallowed by some animal, and thus prepared for generation, is the means by which the new generation bursts into birth, and changes the face of nature. There is an uninterrupted circle of events on which the preservation and gradual improvement of all the products of nature hangs, and there is an end source of inquiry for man.

A FINE THOUGHT.—A French writer said that "to dream gloriously, you must gloriously while you are awake; and to be angels down to converse with you in sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

The Rock of Cashel.

BY THE REV. DR. MURRAY.

Fair was the eve, as if from far away
All trace of sin and sorrow
Passed, in the light of the eternal day,
That knows nor night nor morrow.

The pale and shadowy mountains in the dim
And glowing distance piled!
A sea of light along the horizon's rim,
Unbroken, undefiled!

Blue sky, and cloud, and grove, and hill, and glen,
The form and face of man,
Beamed with unwonted beauty, as if then
New earth and heaven began.

Yet heavy grief was on me, and I gazed
On thee, through glittering tears,
Thou relic of a glory that once blazed
So bright in bygone years!

Wreck of a ruin! lovelier, holier far,
Thy ghastly hues of death,
Than the cold fumes of newer temples are—
Shrines of a priestless faith.

In lust and rapine, treachery and blood,
As iron domes were built;
Darkly they frown, where God's own altars stood,
In hatred and in guilt.

But to make thee, of loving hearts the love,
Was coined to living stones;
Truth, peace, and piety together strove
To form thee for their own.

And thou wast theirs, and they within thee met,
And did thy presence fill;
And their sweet light, even while thine own is set,
Hovers around thee still.

Tis not the work of mind, or hand, or eye,
Builder's or sculptor's skill,
Thy site, thy beauty, or thy majesty—
Not these my bosom thrill.

Tis that a glorious monument thou art
Of the true faith of old,
When faith was one in all the nation's heart,
Purer than purest gold.

Light, when darkness on the nations dwelt,
In Erin found a home—
The mind of Greece, the warm heart of the Celt,
The bravery of Rome!

But oh! the pearl, the gem, the glory of her youth,
That shone upon her brow;
She clung for ever to the Chair of Truth—
Clings to it now!

Of my love, and temple of my God!
How would I now call thee
Close to my heart, and, even as thou wast trod,
So with thee trodden be!

Oh, for one hour a thousand years ago,
Within thy precincts dim,
To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn!

To see of priests the long and white array,
Around the silver shrines—
The people kneeling prostrate far away,
In thick and chequer'd lines.

To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
Their prelate and their king,
The sacred bread and chalice by him blest,
Earth's holiest offering.

To hear, in piety's own Celtic tongue,
The most heart-touching prayer
That fervent supplicants e'er was heard among—
Oh! to be then and there!

There was a time all this within thy walls
Was felt, and heard, and seen;
Thine image only now the sight recalls
Of all that once hath been,

The cruellest, heartless, murderous robber came,
And never since that time
Sound thy torn altars burned the sacred flame,
Or rose the chant sublime.

My glory in a crimson tide went down,
Beneath the cloven hoof—
Far and priest, mitre, and cope, and crown,
And choir, and arch and roof.

But to see thee when thou'lt rise again—
For thou again wilt rise,
And with the splendors of thy second reign
Dazzle a nation's eyes!

Children of those who made thee what thou wast,
Shall lift thee from the tomb,
And clothe thee, for the spoiling of the past,
In more celestial bloom.

And psalm, and hymn, and gold, and precious
stones,
And gems beyond all price,
And priest, and altar, o'er the martyred bones,
And daily sacrifice,

And endless prayer, and crucifix and shrine,
And all religion's dower,
And thronging worshippers shall yet be thine—
Oh, but to see that thou!

Who shall smite thee then?—and who shall see
Thy second glory o'er?
When they who make thee free themselves are
free,
To fall no more.

May Day in New England.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Can this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!
We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—
We rested by the rushing rill—
And lest they had forgot the day,
We told them it was May, dear May!
We called the sweet wild blooms by name—
We shouted, and no answer came!
From smiling field, or solemn hill—
From rugged rock or rushing rill—
We only bade the pretty pets
Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
We told the little, light coquettes
They needn't show their bashful faces—
"One sigh," we said, "one fragrant sigh,
Will soon discover where you lie!"
The roguish things were still as death—
They wouldn't even breathe a breath—
Alas! there's none so dead I fear,
As those who do not choose to hear!
We wandered to an open place,
And sought the sunny buttercup,
That, so delighted, in your face,
Just like a pleasant smile looks up.
We peeped into a shady spot,
To find the blue "forget-me-not!"
At last a far-off voice we heard,
A voice as of a fountain-fall,
That, softer than a singing-bird,
Did answer to our merry call!
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
The tone in every pause of ours,
That we, delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violets loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair wandering on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find—
The violet, crocus, columbine,
The corn and the snow-drop pine,
The orchis 'neath the hawthorn tree,
The blue bell and the anemone,
The wild rose, eglantine and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "hide and seek"—
Oh, naughty flowers, why don't you speak?
We have not found a flower to-day—
They surely cannot know 'tis May!
You have not found a flower to-day—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray?
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
And worth all Nature's blooming wealth;
Not all in vain you search, my child;
You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumines the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright—
A glow of love and wild delight!
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
You've found at least the flower of joy.
Yes! in a heart so young, and gay,
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!
For gentle feelings, love, are flowers
That bloom thro' life's most clouded hours!
Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild;
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In essence sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
"Can this be May? Can this be May?"

NOBLE CHARITY OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

The following extraordinary act was performed by a child in Lyons not long ago, according to a continental paper:—

An unfortunate artisan, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famishing wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length, on attempting to rise one morning for the purpose of going out as usual in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. For a long time the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father, too, was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions which might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go out to one of the

Charitable institutions, where food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly, inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been deliberated upon. Alas, during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets, and almost agonised by the knowledge of how anxiously she was expected, with bread, at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest, unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitied and relieved. As the case stood, it is not, perhaps, surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly, she fled homewards. When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat—"bread! bread!" She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say, "she dies for want of food."

"I have no bread!" cried the poor girl, with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers, caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money; he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and maddened by the distress of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it in execution. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled! The shopkeeper saw her from behind. He cried loudly, ran out after her, and pointed her out to people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her towards the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers are dying for want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the strange girl, anxiously.

"Rue —, No. 10."

She had only time to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police.

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length they heard footsteps ascending the stair. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but, alas! a stranger appeared, in place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions.

"Your girl," she said, "will not come back perhaps to-day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!"

After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then, turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little be-

nevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hair-dresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and had told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hair-dresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady at home, and related to her the whole circumstances. So that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police office by the hair-dresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

PROFESSOR GRIMM AND HIS FAIRY TALES.

Professor Jacob Grimm relates the following anecdote. Not long ago a little girl of about eight years old, apparently belonging to a good family, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells the servant that she wishes to speak to the "Herr Professor." Thinking that the little one had to deliver a message, the servant shows her into the study of the Professor, who receives her kindly, and asks after her errand. The child looks at him with earnest eyes, and says:

"Is it thou that hast written those fine 'Marchen'?" (fairy tales.)

"Yes, my dear," answers Dr. Grimm; "my brother and I have written the 'Haus Marchen'."

"Then thou hast also written the tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end, who will not believe it must pay a thaler?"

"Yes, I have written that too."

"Well, then, I do not believe it, and I suppose I will have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a goschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-bye."

The *saunt*, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired after the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her home safely.

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time that their patients were sick, he exclaimed:

"Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

TO CURE THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water, and wash the wound very clean; then dry it and pour upon the wound a few drops of muriatic acid. Mineral acids destroy the poison of saliva, and its evil effects are neutralized.

Rev. the Bishop of Boston, with appropriate ceremonies, on Sunday afternoon, the 15th day of May. A discourse will be delivered upon the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Cummings of New York.

The building will be one hundred and thirty feet square, and will accommodate five hundred boys. It will front on Vernon street, Roxbury. The foundation and cellar walls are already laid. A handsome tomb will be spread over the whole area. Arrangements will be made with the horse cars to take out visitors from Boston. The entire band and choir of the House of the Angel Guardian, assisted by volunteers from the churches, will perform the music on the occasion, under the direction of Mr. Anthony Werner, organist of the Cathedral.

The ceremonies will commence at half-past three o'clock. Tickets of admission to the tent, 25 cents.

NEW CHURCHES IN CINCINNATI.—The cornerstone of the Church of the Holy Angels, in the Seventeenth Ward, will be blessed, God willing, on next Sunday afternoon at half-past 4 o'clock.

The St. Patrick's Society of this city and the St. Francis' Society of Walnut Hills are expected to go in procession to the site of the new church—a union of English and German-speaking Catholics which always affords us sincere pleasure. As far as an invitation may be necessary to either, it is hereby most cordially extended.

The cornerstone of the new Church of Mary Immaculate was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop, on Xenia avenue, Dayton, on Easter Monday afternoon, the 1st of May. Messrs. Hahne, Schiff, Kelly, Howard, Blake and O'Sullivan assisted at the ceremony. The assemblage was quite large, notwithstanding the threatening weather. A large group of little children clad in white, wearing rose wreaths and singing sweetly, was one of the most pleasing features of the scene. Rev. Archangelo Gatti, O. S. F., preached an eloquent and instructive discourse in German, and the Archbishop concluded with an address in English and the Pontifical blessing. The church will be of brick, 110 by 50 feet in length and breadth, and 82 feet in height. It is for German Catholics.

[Telegraph and Advertiser, April 30.]

MISSION OF THE PAULIST FATHERS AT ST. PETERS' CHURCH, TROY.—We have received a letter from Troy, speaking in the most glowing language of the results of the Mission held in this church by Fathers Hecker, Hewitt, Dehon and Baker. The amount of good done by this Mission, says our correspondent, is incalculable. "Every morning and evening the spacious church was crowded at the time of the exercises, and the number of those who approached the sacraments was, I am told, nearly three thousand, embracing almost all the adults of the parish."

NEW CATHOLIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION IN PHILADELPHIA.—On last Palm Sunday evening a number of young men belonging to St. Joseph's Church formed themselves into a Society for the cultivation of friendly feelings among themselves, and improving their literary tastes. They have named themselves after the old St. Joseph's Literary Institute, now extinct. They have determined to have as few officers to govern them as possible. The following officers were chosen at the election held on Sunday evening: Moderator—P. A. Jordan, S. J.; President, Edmund F. Randall; Secretary, Alfred C. Ferris; Treasurer, Francis X. Bigley.

[Catholic Herald and Visitor.]

BISHOP WOOD.—This esteemed Prelate says The Catholic Mirror of the 30th ult., has been making a short stay at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. He spent last week in making a spiritual retreat at that secluded spot.

ORDINATIONS.—On the 18th instant, in the Church at Mt. St. Mary's College, the Right Rev. Bishop Wood of Philadelphia, promoted to Dean Bishop Thomas Lanigan of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and John Cook of the Diocese of Erie. They had both been ordained Sub-Deacons on Palm Sunday by the same Prelate. [Baltimore Mirror, April 30.]

CONFIRMATIONS IN CINCINNATI.—There were, says The Telegraph and Advocate of the 30th ult., seventy-eight persons confirmed on Easter Sunday afternoon, in Holy Trinity Church, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell.

FOREIGN.

LENT SERVICES IN THE ETHERAL CITY.—The Lent (says a correspondent at Rome) are as usual well frequented, and efficiently conducted. We have English sermons by Father Petherich and at the Irish College on Sundays, and we believe a Franciscan Padre commands a small division just within the Flaminian Gate. Amongst Father Petherich's audience on Sunday last, we were unwillingly attracted by three *parsons*, whose conduct was a surprise to the Italian poor in their vi-

city. They might probably have been classed by them amongst retainers, owing to the white cravat and scrupulous in the dress; they were clearly *no Christians* in the eyes of their neighbors. They talked and telegraphed, and threw incredulous glances at remote frescoes on the ceiling, consulting by turns flip-edged Testaments, which they closed with compressed lips and a confirmatory nod of the head. Evidently they came to scoff, and probably went home with much to amuse a select circle.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF VISITORS IN ST. PETERS AT ROME.—A correspondent of one of the English papers writing from the Eternal City under date of the 6th of April, has the following:—Easter with its gorgeous ceremonies, is fast approaching, and foreigners, Protestants and Catholics, will be assembling here by thousands to "curiosare" and pray. On these occasions it is the custom of the Government, or the Church rather, to issue cards of admission for ladies to privileged seats. It is a great courtesy, especially when it is remembered that the proportion of those, perhaps, who have these tickets are Protestants. I am informed that this year a delicate hint is to be inscribed on the card that more orderly conduct than has on some occasions been displayed will be desirable. At the same time, I believe that Cardinal Antonelli has received instructions from the Pope to communicate on the subject with Mr. Odo Russell, our diplomatic agent in Rome, and with the American Minister. There is, then, a certain reflection cast on the behaviour of English and American visitors in Rome during the performance of the ceremonies of the Church; and the highest persons in the State have remarked on their habit of talking, whispering, and even eating biscuits, a supply of which they have brought with them to recruit exhausted natures. No one who has attended these ceremonies can deny the truth of the charge, nor say that the conduct of the Protestants is not at times distinguished by a vulgar and noisy curiosity, which reflects as much upon their good manners as upon their good taste and religious feeling. At the very antipodes of Roman Catholicism I can venture to express myself thus strongly without suspicion of my motives; and while regretting that it has been found necessary by the Government to cast so delicate yet severe a censure on the conduct of English and American Protestants, let it be hoped that it will be the last occasion on which it will be necessary.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A correspondent in Rome says: "You receive detailed histories of what befalls the Prince in his royal progress. The latest describe the enthusiasm created by his tour of the Irish establishments which was accomplished with much forethought as to the day selected, and little circumstances of courtesy. Some see political significance in this, remembering the announcement on his arrival, that his movements were to be controlled by instructions. Ministers may have suggested the step as prospectively beneficial to themselves; and should there be any foundation in the rumor of a Viceroyalty for Ireland being projected, we see also how it might operate in favor of the Prince himself. We give this merely as a comment on the event, propounded to us by one high in position, and experimentally versed in the action and reaction of Court influences. Personally, he has every claim on public regard, and his extreme youth and guileless looks disarm criticism. Accordingly we attach little weight to the current political opinion attributed to him, in the French papers and in society here, which makes him pronounce the people happy to to be ruled by despots, and the misfortune to be ruled by Priests." He paid a visit to St. Paul's, and was there accompanied in his survey by a member of the Benedictine Order—the Rev. R. Vaughan—who incidentally alluded to the interesting fact that the Sovereigns of England were formerly protectors of this magnificent Basilica and also denoted by a regal device and motto are emblazoned on a panel in the library, and attention was directed to this; but all with much delicacy, as those enjoying Father Vaughan's acquaintance will be assured of. The assertions of The Times' correspondent respecting the abuse of the Jesuits by designing Jesuits is part of the *writing-down system* prevailing all his letters, from Naples previously and now from Rome. He is received with cordiality, but not invited; and we are sure that he will return with more just opinions and many shattered prejudices by actual experience and contact both as regarded the Head of the Church and Ecclesiastical Government, as well as in regard to individual persons and things. Father Mulhooly and Father Vaughan at least will not give him the nightmare, when dreaming in times to come of dark monks and thumb-screws.

The Roman Government has just authorised

the opening to the public of the railway from Civita-Vecchia to Rome. The working is to commence on the 14th.

Prince Rospigliosi Pallavicini has just died at Rome, aged 78.

The repairs of the Cathedral of St. Paul, at Siege, a remarkable edifice in the ogival style, which had been suspended, have been recommenced.

THE JESUIT FATHERS IN GAINWAY.—The close of the mission of those Reverend Fathers has been marked by most edifying results. The irreligious and the dissolute of both sexes have been brought to see the error of their ways, and their conduct is now characterized by sobriety and morality. It is to the influence of their holy teaching that we owe several instances of restitution which have occurred during the past few weeks. Amongst them we notice one of £20 to Mr. Harrison, and also of £20 more to Mr. Thos. Perse.

The Rev. Fathers are now located in St. Patrick's Church, where the public are edified by pious and eloquent discourses, the attendance being so large that the small church is utterly unable to contain them. We believe it is the intention of the Fathers to open a Seminary for the education of Catholic youth. There can be no doubt of the success of such a project, under teaching of such masters of education. [Galway Vindicator.]

POISONING HOLY WATER.—At the Liverpool Police Court on Saturday, Thomas Hayes and Henry Peel, two youths in the employ of Mr. Tyson, soap manufacturer, Blackstock street, were brought up by Detective Officer Carlyle, on a charge of having put a large quantity of chromate of potash, a deadly poison, into the holy water font at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Blackstock street. Mr. C. E. Russell, barrister, of London, who appeared for the prosecution, said his worship would understand that at the doors of Roman Catholic Chapels fonts were placed, containing holy water, with which the people, as they entered or left the chapel, were in the habit of making the sign of the cross on their foreheads, and not unfrequently on their lips. Both prisoners were in the employ of Mr. Tyson, an extensive soap manufacturer in Blackstock street, and it would be shown that they had put a quantity of chromate of potash, a corrosive poison used in the manufacture of soap, into the holy water font. Mr. Mansfield said he understood that holy water was used only for making the sign of the cross on the forehead, in reference to the baptismal vows. Mr. Russell said it was used for that purpose, but he also put it, to their lips. A number of witnesses were examined for the prosecution, who deposed that their fingers, and foreheads, and clothes were burnt by the holy water. Richard Saunders, the manager of the soap factory, said there was a good deal of chromate of potash used on the premises for the purpose of bleaching palm oil. Dr. McCall said he had examined the water, and found chromate of potash in it. When asked what they had to say in answer to the charge, the prisoner Peel said Hayes told him to do it, and Hayes said he only did it to daub the hands and faces of the people, not knowing that the stuff was so poisonous. Dr. Mansfield said they had done so very improper and wicked act. Their conduct had been very gross indeed, and in order that it might be a caution to others, as he hoped it would be, he ordered them respectively to find two sureties of £10 each for their good behavior, or in default to be imprisoned for six months. [Liverpool Albion.]

INCREASE OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN FRANCE.—Religious communities appear to be increasing rapidly in France. The last number of The Bulletin des Lois contains imperial decrees which authorize the establishment at Grasse (Var) of a new religious body, under the name of Association of the Sisters of St. Martha; at Cahors (Lot) of the foundation of an establishment of Sisters of Charity and Christian Instruction; at Bernard (Charente) of one of the Sisters of Saint Mary of Providence; at Connes (Sarthe) of one of the same order; at Launay (Mayenne) of one of the Sisters of the Holy Heart of Jesus; at Launay (Mayenne) of one of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and at Tierceville (Seine Inferieure) of one of the same order.

Advices from Vienna, in The Augsburg Gazette, state that the creation of a Roman Catholic University at Salzburg is considered as decided on.

A BOON TO THE ENGLISH NAVY.—A Roman Catholic chaplaincy has been established at Haulbowline (Cork) for the benefit of the sailors and marines belonging to the ships of the royal navy that may be staying at Queenstown. The Southern Reporter notices the

fact under the above heading, and adds "that the Rev. William O'Connor, P.P., of Passage, officiated on Sunday for the first time at Haulbowline, when over three hundred sailors and marines attended divine service. The establishment of this chaplaincy at Haulbowline will be a great boon."

SISTERS OF CHARITY IN EGYPT.—A letter from Smyrna states that the new charitable establishment founded by the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul in that city, was inaugurated on the 16th of March. This institution comprises a crèche for infants, a school, a dispensary for the Muslim population. The establishment has been founded from the ordinary resources of the society, and voluntary contributions. Among the principal contributors are the Emperor and Empress of the French, and the Sultan, and by the Roman Catholic Archbishop, in presence of Rear Admiral Clavaud, the commandant of the French Squadron in the roadstead; M. Mare de Pelane, the French Consul General, and other natives of France.

A MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—The widow of the French Admiral Bruyès, has bequeathed a sum of 1,100,000, to the hospitals of Paris, and 500,000, to the charitable establishments of Uzès (Gard).

MISSIONARIES TO INDIA AND EGYPT.—The Abbe Bouteloupe, of the Missions Etrangères, and three Sisters of the Order of the Bon Pasteur of Angers, have just embarked at Marseilles, the Abbe and two of the Sisters for Maitour, in South India, the other Sister for Cairo. The Abbe has been for nine years a missionary at Maitour, and one of the Sisters who accompanies him is an Irish lady named Kileen.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS FOR BRITISH REGIMENTS.—We are enabled to announce that the fifteen chaplains for the army necessary to make up the number of nineteen proposed to be appointed by General Peel, have been appointed. Their names are: The Rev. J. O'Flaherty, Thomas Coghlan, M. Cuffe, T. Molony, J. Blake, Michael Hogan, R. Shepherd, James Hamilton, George Morley, E. Butler, C. Morgan, J. O'Dwyer, J. M'Sweeney, J. Casey and J. F. Browne. Of these, four—namely, the Revs. M. Cuffe, J. O'Dwyer, J. M'Sweeney and J. F. Browne—are now serving in India, and will receive their war office pay whilst they are paid by the Indian government.

Weekly Register.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN ENNISCORTHY.—The Right Rev. Dr. Furlong ever zealous in the cause of religion and the wants of the poor, is erecting two new schools for the Christian Brothers, Enniscorthy, in which these good men may extend the sphere of their invaluable labors. We visited the schools on Wednesday last, and were greatly surprised at the marked improvement the pupils since our last visit.

[Worked People.]

MORT REV. DR. CULLEN NOT TO BE MADE CARDINAL.—The Times' Roman correspondent contradicts the report that the Cardinal hat was to be transferred on the Archbishop of Dublin, and says that his Holiness is staying at Rome merely for the benefit of his health.

CONVERSIONS IN ENGLAND.—The Weekly Register announces the conversion to the Catholic faith of the Rev. John Croker, B. A., the University College, Oxford, and late rate of St. Philip's District Church, Kensington, and previously cured to the Rev. J. H. Hussy, Mr. Barrow, who is the only son of Sir George Barrow, Baronet, is married the daughter of J. N. Merriman, Esq., who has also with her husband become Catholic.

ROBBERY IN A NUNNERY.—On Friday night a number of desperadoes broke into the Nunnery lately erected in Ardee, and stole therefrom some four or five pounds in cash, and a few articles of trifling value. It appears that when the religious ladies heard the burglars enter, they at once bolted the doors of their sleeping rooms, so that they are unable to identify any of the robbers, but it is believed the constabulary are on the right scent of the party. The utmost indignation is amongst all classes and creeds in the neighborhood, at this disgraceful attack on houses of unoffending females.

[Narrow Herald.]

The salaries of the Catholic bishops and chaplains in India are to be increased. Governor-General has determined that there shall be a Roman Chaplain where there is one hundred British born Roman Catholic residents, and in the service of the Government.

A very remarkable article is published in the late Civiltà Cattolica, on the Italian question, that is partly official, having been

Art Exhibitions in New York.

INTERNATIONAL ART INSTITUTION.

The object of this institution is twofold—to make the American public acquainted with the works of the eminent living artists of Europe and to afford them an opportunity of becoming possessors of *chef-d'œuvres* of modern art without crossing the Atlantic as a preliminary step. Every painting on exhibition is for sale, and some have already found purchasers, judging from their being ticketed "Sold." Compared with the Academy of Design the collection is small, numbering only one hundred and seventeen paintings in all, but it is intended to add, from time to time, new and original works, which will supply the demand made on it by purchasers.

Landscapes are fairly represented in this collection, but nothing more; they are not unusually prominent; and this remark is equally applicable to the emotional, historical and epic pictures that make up the International exhibition. There is no preponderance of any artistic speciality, and we think this is a great charm, for the eye wearies of endless repetitions of the same style, though each succeeding one may be more perfect than the last. "Variety is the spice of art as well as of life, and we like to turn from a painting that challenges our admiration to one that excites our feeling or piques our curiosity. It is pleasant to speculate, even though our speculations may be all wrong, and assign a history to this or that face which the catalogue would once contradicted, did we but consult it. However, it is not with speculation but description we have to do, and we shall therefore run over a few of those which attracted our attention, intending to return to the subject on another occasion.

"The Inundation" (85), by Meyer, ofremen, is, in our opinion, the gem of the collection. The expression on the faces of the little tells the whole story. Hope has faded like an angel through that miserable street and left a trace of its spirit on every face, that of the unconscious baby and sleeping boy. You can see it in the mother's eager look of joy and the grandam's upward glance, and you do not need the glimpse of a little skull in an agitated sea that you catch through an open casement to tell you, that help is near. And away from the picture, and the figures appear to start from the canvases, the whole scene assuming the distinctness and reality of stereoscopic view.

"The First Panto" (92), by H. Kretzschmar, a pleasing genre picture. The quiet, synthetic pleasure on the mother's face and the self-satisfied look of the young gentleman whom she has been playing valet are well portrayed; and though the little fellow, in his intense admiration of the garment he has owned for the first time, cannot look at any one or anything but it, yet you know that beneath those drooping lids the eyes are dancing with joyous exultation.

No. 108, by Louis Paternostre, has been suggested by some lines in Victor Hugo's "Contemplations." It is an intense and striking picture, but its very excellence makes more painful. It excites, to an uncomfortable degree, feelings of indignation and pity—the mute agony of the unoffending animal and the brutal look of the intoxicated driver haunt you like a spectre for hours after, and you look, in the words of the poet, again and again—

"Où quelle est donc la tén formidable qui livre, L'ère à l'ère et la bête offrande à l'homme l'ère?" A pleasing and exquisitely finished picture. "The Improvised Carriage; or, Children Play." (66.) The light that streams through the high, old-fashioned bay window at which the lady sits intent on her dainty needlework, is admirably managed. Excellent, too, the little girl, with her childish assumption of *hauveur*, and the boy, with ruddy cheeks and hair tossed wildly about, as if the wind had been playing among his curls. The foreground brightened with the children's gay dresses and animated faces, is brought out in stronger relief by the dark wainscotted background.

There is a large painting by Ewald, representing "Elizabeth of England handing to the Earl, the Secretary of State, the Death-warrant of Mary Stuart." (98.) It is finely executed; the repugnance of the Secretary is unmistakable, but we object to the painter anodating the event, which he must have done, adding from the Queen's youthful appearance. She certainly does not look to be on the wrong side of fifty.

"The Hermit" (89), by Anna Schieb, is

distinguished by the air of repose that marks the cowed figure immersed in study, and the rich sunset glow that falls upon the sacred page.

Another lady artist, Clara Oenicks, contributes No. 115. The subject is a little girl, "The Orphan," whose pleasing, natural face makes you ask yourself, in wondering perplexity, "where can I have seen it?" The expression is admirable and the coloring harmonious.

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

This magnificent landscape, the latest production of this gifted artist, is now on exhibition at the studio in Tenth street, where it is visited daily by crowds of our art-loving citizens. Yet the perfection of the painting is that it can be appreciated by the cultivated and uncultivated eye; any one who loves the beautiful in Nature, who can take in the details of a landscape, or the effects of light and shade, land and water, must admire this wonderful delineation, though he may be unable to discourse learnedly on its merits and peculiarities. It is just as possible to appreciate a painting without knowing the rules of art, as it is to feel the beauty of poetry without knowing the laws of its structure or the length of the poetic feet, though in both cases the difficulties overcome and the effects produced are likely to be under-estimated.

But to return to the "Heart of the Andes." It is difficult to imagine anything more perfect in drawing, finish or coloring than this picture—such conflicting excellencies, such minute attention to details, with such perfect subordination of parts. The waterfall occupying the centre of the foreground is something wonderful—it is real water, moving, eddying, and at last rolling over the rocky ledge into the depths below, from which ascends a mist of broken spray, luminous with the tangled sunlight that streams in from one side of the picture, the other being left in comparative shade. Combining its waters after the fall, the stream moves on, broadening as it moves, a full, clear, placid sheet, in whose surface is mirrored rocks and twisted roots and blossoming shrubs, and at last, after pausing, as it were, upon the ledge, it plunges into an unseen abyss. Over this bends a misshapen tree, which seems to stand out from its surroundings, and to project its gnarled and twisted boughs outside of the picture; the delusion is complete. On the left of this, looking towards the picture, winds an ascending pathway, on which is erected a gigantic cross, standing out against the dark background of foliage, bright with sunlight and wreathed with clustering vegetation. Two figures are at its base, the only living things in that wide landscape, save the birds that wing their way in flocks high up the mountains, or flit among the flowery undergrowth, or sit solitary and motionless on the branches. Far back the landscape stretches, and you catch sight of a church, or convent in the heart of these majestic solitudes, and beyond that again it stretches to an illimitable extent till it blends with a range of mountains towering to the sky, whose darkened summits contrast strikingly with the snowy peaks in the far distance that close the view. On the sunny side of the picture light fleecy clouds float in the deep blue sky, while above the mountains are suspended, piled up cumulous ones through which the sunbeams struggle, casting an obscure radiance on these elevated solitudes. But no description can give an idea of the heat-haze, that fervid breath of Summer that pervades the atmosphere and veils the landscape, or the reflections in the pellucid water, or the sunshine on mossy patches, or flower-wreathed stems. The matted roots laid bare by the action of the water, and the little cascades trickling from the rocks or oozing through the tangled undergrowth are perfect in every detail. The glowing flowers in the foreground are toned down to perfect harmony and the masses of foliage tell of careful conscientious coloring. Not a little artistic taste has been displayed in getting the picture ready for exhibition. The frame, which is of dark walnut, has been fashioned to represent the casement of a window, through which the spectator looks at the interminable landscape spread out before him. To render the illusion perfect the open window is draped with green curtains that fall at each side in heavy folds. A temporary ceiling has been suspended over the heads of the spectators by means of which the light from the dome has been thrown upon the picture, making the arrangements so complete and satisfactory as to leave nothing more to be desired.

The Water Celebration in Brooklyn.

Wednesday, the 27th, the day set apart for celebrating the introduction of water into Brooklyn, proved to be most unpropitious, and consequently the Brooklynites had to defer it till the following day. But the restless ardor of some, and the impatient curiosity of others, could not be restrained or damped, so in despite of Jupiter Pluvius and the committee, the firemen paraded and the people looked on. The postponement, although but for a day, was sensibly felt, especially by the juveniles, nor could we with a clear conscience entirely exonerate the "children of a larger growth" from all participation in the same feeling. However, the weather was inexorable, and the Brooklyn folks had to wait for "the good time coming," which, in this case, contrary to the established rule, came "right along." The committee officially announced to the people the delay, but like wise managers, created a diversion in their own favor by setting the fountain before the City Hall in motion, which enchanted the spectators. Before their mind's eye rose visions of sultry July days cooled and beautified by the refreshing showers; troops of playful children sporting around the basin; the dashing spray, neutralizing the effects of the heat, and tired laborers discussing their noon-day meal within the charmed circle of its benign influence. But, alas! we of New York, with that "retrospective foresight" which sad experience has taught us, can look forward to the day when this Arcadia of Brooklyn will rival our own City Hall Park, for there is not a dim tradition extant that at some time or other the waters leaped up as exultingly and sparkled as merrily there as they now do in Brooklyn. But *reversion a nos moutons*, as "our lively neighbor the Gaul" would say, or to translate freely, to return to our friends across the ferry.—Thursday opened calm and clear, just the day for a procession, and Brooklyn turned out *en masse* to witness it. The cannon roared and the emulous bells rang a merry peal while the five miles of a procession passed on its way rejoicing. The decorations were not so numerous as might naturally be expected, considering the occasion; but a very handsome triumphal arch, forty-six feet in height and forty-eight feet in width, was erected by the citizens of the Nineteenth Ward over Bedford avenue, near the junction of Fourth street and Division avenue, and in the immediate neighborhood of the fountain. It was a beautiful structure, and showed to great advantage. The top of the arch facing the river was surmounted with an allegorical representation of Neptune, with his trident, surrounded by sea nymphs. The figure was seated upon a rock, from which gushed many fountains of water, representing a succession of cascades. Beneath was the figure of an eagle. On each side of Neptune were hydrants, painted green, with hose and pipe in an upraised position, each surrounded with a cluster of miniature flags.

The procession formed into line at 10 o'clock, but it was high noon before the signal was given to start. It consisted of State and Federal officers, municipal officers of New York and Brooklyn, officers of the Army and the Navy, Judges, Heads of Departments, Clergy, Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Richmond, Buffalo, Rochester, Troy, and many other cities; deputations from the Common Councils of all the above-mentioned cities, Veterans, Firemen (who always form the most attractive and popular feature of any procession they take part in), Benevolent Societies, Temperance Societies, and Trades Unions, Hydrants, with drinking cups attached, were placed all along the route of the procession, and the Ridgewood water was pronounced by all who partook of it to be most excellent—equal, if not superior, to Croton. This, of course, will be scouted by all New Yorkers who have a proper respect for themselves; but as Dick Swiveller says, we "thought we would mention it."

The crowd who had gathered at the City Hall had their patience sorely tried before the procession appeared, but at three o'clock the cheers and huzzas proclaimed their advent. The fountain, which all morning had been rather capricious and irritating, threw up a jet of water to the height of seventy feet, and the enthusiasm was at its height. The Oration was delivered in the chamber of the Board of Aldermen, contrary to the public expectation. An Ode composed by a lady

was sung, and speeches delivered by the leading members of the delegations from our sister cities. The festivities concluded with an illumination of the City Hall and a magnificent display of fireworks in the evening.

The Earthquake in Ecuador.

EXAGGERATED REPORT OF LOSS OF LIFE.

By former accounts received from Quito and its vicinity, the number of persons who were destroyed by the late terrible earthquake was set down at three thousand, but it appears that the number of missing persons supposed to be buried beneath the *debris* of the fallen buildings amounts only to ten individuals. It would be highly gratifying if the sacrifice of human life did not extend beyond this, but it is to be feared that when the ruins of the adjacent towns and villages are cleared away a large number of mutilated bodies will be found.

The following items are translated from The *Seis de Marza*, of Guayaquil:—

There is not an edifice which has not suffered, and many do not admit of repairs unless they are demolished. The cathedral is mutilated, and one part of its balustrades fell to the ground, and the place which was used as an Ecclesiastical Court also lost its roof. The portico of the chapel of El Sagrario lost its best half, and the mantle also is greatly injured. The temple of the Augustines lost its principal cupola, and the tower and angle of its cloister. The temple of the Catalines came to the ground in its main part, which formed the front and the cupola, leaving several persons in its ruins, whom in consequence of its immensity, it is impossible to discover until after some days of labor. Of the temple of the Dominicans there fell the balustrades, two angles of the principal court and one of the second. The tower of the hospital demands immediate demolition, in consequence of the ruinous state in which it has been left. The church of our Lady del Carmen is greatly injured, the great bars of iron which supported its angles having fallen. The magnificent temple of Santa Clara has been seriously damaged, in consequence of the loss of its collateral arches and the destruction of its little cupola. From the temple of La Merced there fell the high cupola of the tower, while the clock was striking the fatal hour for the last time. Both towers of the temple of San Francisco were found to be greatly damaged; but this one has suffered the least, although the interior of the convent is greatly damaged. The temple of St. Rogue lost its tower, and one of the two temples of St. John the Evangelist lost one of the two which it had. The church of Recoleta de Dominicos is completely ruined.

PARADE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—The Sixty-ninth Regiment, National Cadets, N. Y. S. M., had their first moonlight parade this season on Friday evening, 29th ult., in full uniform, with overcoats, and accompanied by their drum corps and regimental band (Dodworth). They assembled at the City armory at 8 o'clock P. M., and were exercised in various movements until a quarter past nine o'clock, and then proceeded to the lower part of the city and up Broadway till they arrived opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, where they halted and serenaded a gentleman who had lately arrived from Ireland, and whose name has not been made public. There were speeches made from the balcony by Mr. John O'Mahony, Col. Doherty, and others, all of which were received with loud cheers by the large concourse of citizens who had accompanied the regiment on its march. That part of the street where the military halted was entirely blockaded in the immediate vicinity of the hotel. After the serenade Colonel Ryan gave the command, "By companies, right wheel," and the regiment proceeded up Broadway a short distance, counter-marched and returned to their parade ground, and were dismissed.

The Sixty-ninth are to be inspected in the early part of next month, when they will appear in the new fatigue coat and white belts.

Company A, Captain Corcoran, of this regiment had a complimentary card, beautifully engraved and neatly framed, presented to them last week from the Emmett Guard, Captain Cahill, of New Haven, who were received by Company A when they visited this city on the 17th of March last, and treated in a manner that reflected great credit not only on themselves but also on the regiment of which they form a part. The card is now on exhibition at the Company's headquarters, Prince street.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will be daily informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

New York, Nov. 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully the plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support."

Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier.....\$3 00
Price per year served by mail.....\$3 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more.....\$2 00
To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for \$5 per year, as above, with an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$8 00, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
To transient advertisers.....12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers.....6 cents per line.
No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

Orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKEE), Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1859.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN INDIA FORCED TO SUBSERVE IDOLATRY.

India, the glorious field of the Apostolic labors and triumphs of Saint Francis Xavier, presents to-day at every point of its vast area incontestable evidence of the fact that the Divine Commission to convert nations to the Christian faith was addressed to the Catholic Church alone. The established Church of England brought, as it has always been, to the notice of the native pagan worshippers in the light of a merely civil institution holding a middle rank between the army and navy of the same country, has never been able to make any lasting religious impression on their minds even when at times some minister more zealous, or perhaps less cautious, than his coadjutors, bestirred himself in the work. Such occurrences however have been very rare in that quarter of the world, so that if the number of converts brought over to the government creed is small, the number of clerical martyrs is few in the same ratio.

England has never undertaken a war in any quarter of the Indian Empire from the day on which she acquired Bombay, in the year 1661, to that on which the last mutinous Sepoy was blown from the muzzle of her cannon in 1858, but she has endeavored to palliate its horrors and excuse its cost to the people of the world, by the assertion that religion, education, and a general civilization would follow in the courses tracked out by the march of her armies; but when the work of the soldier was done her subjects and neighbors looked in vain for these holy and beneficial results. The conviction soon became general and the fact established that Protestantism cannot propagate itself without State aid and interference in its behalf, and that it never produces a Saint Francis or an Augustine. It must temporize in its mission when the

government temporizes in its politics, and take itself clear out of sight, provided it suits the executive or military commander not to irritate but conciliate the native priests and tribes, be they Hindoo or Mohammedan. In this connection we may state that at times some general or colonel of the army—classified by the ladies of Exeter Hall as a "pious man"—has, when serving in India devoted himself a good deal to the diffusion of biblical knowledge, and has gone so far as to even lecture and preach both to the men under his command and the natives in the immediate vicinity of his camp. The late General Havelock possessed this disposition in an eminent degree, and hence his loss was regretted, at the time of his death, in England equally as that of a fervent propagandist and a good officer. Sir Henry Lawrence was also respected in this light, and founded a splendid educational establishment in the country, but when an authoritatively commissioned church and a free and unembarrassed clergy were wanting, the efforts of Havelock, Lawrence, and other such men could not effect much for Christianity, as, owing to their professional training and onerous commands, they would naturally expound the Scriptures after the fashion of another great military reformer, in Ireland, who told his men to trust fully in God, but to look to the safety of their gunpowder at the same time, when about to cross a river.

We are led to these reflections on the inability of the Protestant Church to relieve the spiritual darkness prevailing in India from reading a most extraordinary letter addressed by Lord Stanley, the British Secretary of State for India, to the Governor-General of that country, in which he explains the position of Queen Victoria—appointed head of the Anglican church—with regard to native idolaters, their mosques, temples and religious property, to be one of non-interference, and consequently, of toleration. Lord Stanley says: "Among the proceedings of the Legislative Council which have recently been received, are two petitions presented by certain missionaries (dissenters), the one praying for the repeal of the regulations of the Bengal and Madras codes, by which the general superintendence of lands granted for the support of mosques and temples is vested in the officers of government; the other praying for a legislative measure for the suppression of all cruel and inhuman practices at the Hindoo festival of the Churruck Poojah."

His lordship, commenting on the subject, remarks:

"It is evident that the total withdrawal of all interference on the part of government with the religious institutions of the people of India has not been completed. Respecting the degree of protection to be afforded to the religious institutions of the people of India, the sentiments of her Majesty's government are essentially those of the Board of Directors. It is the duty of the government of India to see that these institutions 'enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law'; but it is not called upon to provide especially for their management or superintendence by its own officers. It appears, then, to her Majesty's government that the repeal of the regulations in question, or such parts of them as relate to the management of religious endowments, should no longer be delayed, provision being made at the same time for an appeal to the established courts of justice in all disputes relating to the appointment and succession to the management of Hindoo and Mohammedan religious institutions, and to the control and application of their funds."

The foregoing is somewhat astounding, coming from the official representative of the first Protestant monarch in Europe; but what follows is still more so. With respect to the allusion made by the missionaries to the cruelties practiced on the wretches immolated by the idolaters to different Pagan gods annually, Lord Stanley observes:

"In presenting the petition for a legislative enactment to suppress cruel and inhuman practices at the Churruck Poojah, the member of the Lower Provinces of Bengal referred to an opinion of the Court of Directors, to the effect that the endeavors for the suppression of the cruelty of the festival should be based on the exertion of influence rather than upon any act of authority. It is in Bengal chiefly that the revolting ceremonies connected with the festival (hook-swinging, a most

horrible mode of death) most extensively prevail, and that the efforts made to the discontinuance of them have been attended with the least success. Although the suppression of a cruel and demoralizing spectacle is a fit subject for legislation, it is not the intention of her Majesty's government, in the foregoing remarks, to press upon you any immediate legislative interference in the matter. It appears to them, however, that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal might be instructed to take advantage of such opportunities as may occur of discountenancing the practice as far as in his power. Possibly, a provision hostile to the cruelties of the festival, may be inserted in leases of government lands, or of lands under the management of government officers; and other means, such as will often be found in the course of official administration, may also be taken, of making known the views of the public authorities in regard to such exhibitions, without causing alarm as to the intention of the government, or producing dissatisfaction in the minds of the people."

And this is the culmination of all the missionary efforts of the Church of England in India. Idolatry is rampant all over the presidencies; idolatry defies the Protestant clergymen, and despises their efforts; idolatry beards the Government in its castles, and the Head of the Church Protestant, speaking through her Secretary of State, says that the lands given to pagan priests must be preserved to them; that the victims of idolatry may be annually immolated by the swing hook and other tortures, as a means of propitiating the gods; but the Church cannot or will not grapple with it, and the Governor General, even, must treat it respectfully and modestly, "without producing dissatisfaction in the minds of the people."

We were not wrong in our premises that the English Church cannot convert heathen nations, and that she can never—from the nature of the institution—go and preach to heathens, relying solely on the Bible for success. The Brahmins of Hindostan are "wise in their generation," and know full well that Protestantism in India is secondary to home politics, and that its bishops and clergy are too indolent to even attempt to rival the missionary miracles of Saint Francis Xavier.

As it is now about the time when the anniversaries of the various religious societies are held in this city, and the reports of the past year are read to crowded audiences, would it not be well for some of their officers to look into this matter, and to ascertain the cause of the want of success which has attended the so-called efforts of the Church of England to christianize the people of India.

EFFORTS TO BREAK DOWN THE GALWAY LINE OF STEAMERS.

We see among the items of news brought by the steamship Africa, a very suggestive piece of information, to the effect that Sir Samuel Cunard had made an offer to the British Government to convey the mails between New York and Ireland for twelve hundred and fifty dollars per weekly trip. At present, this portion of the British mail service is performed by the Galway line, which receives for every semi-monthly trip, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars.

The revenue obtained from this source must, if continued, prove of the greatest benefit to the enterprise, and will, eventually, with the large share of patronage which it at present receives from the travelling and commercial public, establish it on a firm and permanent basis. In fact, its success thus far would seem to leave little doubt in the minds of its least sanguine friends on this head. The admirable manner in which it has been managed, the enterprise of the gentlemen by whom it has been established, and its growing popularity, are the best evidences that can be presented of its prospects, and certainly no stronger proof could be afforded of the confidence it enjoys with the public than the large amount of business it at present transacts. Let us present a few facts in support of what we here state.

There are three first-class steamers now present plying between New York and Galway, and in addition to these, four are under course of construction, making six altogether. The vessels on the stocks are guaranteed to run twenty miles per hour, which is faster than the time made by any ocean steamers now afloat. Those who now perform the business of the line carry about two hundred and fifty passengers each per trip, and an average freight of five hundred tons. In fact, the prospect for the success of any commercial enterprise could not be more gratifying than those which have attended the efforts of Mr. Lever. It is not, however, in the light of a mere commercial speculation that we would regard this enterprise—there is something greater and more important connected with its consideration, to which would direct the attention of our readers. Upon its success depends, to a great extent, the hopes of a people's nationality, and the promises of a country's independence. Upon the result of this experiment hangs the solution of a question of the most vital importance to all Irishmen, who, whether at home or abroad, cherish an undying love for their native land, and who would see their country prosperous and respected among the nations of the earth. It is we have said in a former article on this subject, the first and prospectively successful line which could connect Ireland with New York, and we trust that all Irishmen who have a sincere desire for the prosperity of their native land at heart will do all that lies in their power to promote its success, and to discourage and defeat every effort that might tend to destroy or injure its prospects.

The offer that has been made by Sir Samuel Cunard has in view the destruction of a rival line, which has already diverted a large share of the business formerly monopolized by the Cunard Company, to the Irish port—a port which, by the way, seems destined to eventually become a great transit station of the commerce between Europe and America. Combined with this effort to destroy the Galway line, it is painful to see attempts made by Irishmen themselves for its destruction by the proposed establishment of lines from other Irish ports, and which, if established, would not only tend to injure its business, but would utterly destroy the commercial prospects of the country. Who imagines for a moment that Sir Samuel Cunard, in making this proposal, is actuated by a desire for the interest and welfare of Ireland—who does not rather believe that it is a stroke of policy to destroy a successful rival, that he may afterwards enjoy an undisturbed monopoly that trade which is now shared between his own line and that of Mr. Lever. And in this movement we have no doubt he will have the active sympathy and support of English capitalists, for this is a matter that has a special significance for them, likely to affect directly or indirectly their material interests. They have long regarded with a jealous eye every effort that has been made by the people of Ireland for the development of the abundant natural resources of their country, and every enterprise that promises well for its prosperity and material advancement, is watched with extreme nervousness. As long as Irishmen content themselves with futile attempts to secure national independence by means of secret political organizations whose every movement is known to the Government through the agency of paid spies even among their own members, so long will England be satisfied with the condition of Ireland, but let Irishmen engage in enterprises that threaten to rival those of England, and the very press that would otherwise condemn and satirize them for what it calls a want of the practical element in their character, will become their champion.

acter, would at once sound the alarm and lend its efforts for their defeat.

The great power and facilities which Ireland possesses for manufacturing purposes in her numerous water courses, exceed those of any country of equal size on the face of the earth. The power thus afforded for the working of factories, mills, &c., being much cheaper than that of steam, which is employed mainly in England, would enable her to undersell the manufactures of that country in every market in the world. Up to the present time all the endeavors of the people to develop the resources of the country to the extent to which they are capable, has failed through the jealousy of rival British interests which would be injured or destroyed by their success. Now, however, it would really seem as if the opportunity which Irishmen have so long desired had arrived, and we trust we shall hear no more of the suicidal policy which has been inaugurated by the proposed establishment of lines to the United States from other Irish ports. Let them watch with a jealous eye every movement that might have even a tendency to injure the present successful line between Galway and New York, and let them give all their efforts to defeat such insidious propositions as that which, we are told, has been made by Sir Samuel Cunard.

In conclusion, it may be well to state that the Galway steamship *Circassian*, which left that port on the night of the 18th of April, reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the afternoon of the 26th, with five days later news, which was published in the New York papers of the following morning, thus anticipating by two days the Cunard steamer *Africa*, which left Liverpool on the 16th ult. The advantage which the Galway possesses over the Cunard line, need no stronger proof than this simple fact.

IRISH EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA, AND ITS RESULTS.

During the twenty years which elapsed from the 1st of January, 1858, to the 31st of December, 1858, one hundred and forty-four thousand and ninety-one immigrants from the United Kingdom arrived in the colony of Australia. Of this number, one hundred and twelve thousand nine hundred and forty-five were assisted to leave Europe by either a loan or a gift of cash from a fund set apart for this purpose by the English Government, and forty-one thousand one hundred and forty-six went out at their own proper cost. This immigration was a most valuable addition to the population of the country, and forms a very large portion of its present inhabitants, who numbered only three hundred thousand persons at the taking of the last census, some two years since. It will be seen by this statement that Australia is indebted for more than two-thirds of the useful people landed on its shores during twenty years to a liberal expenditure of the money of the parent Government, which obtained much wished-for and most beneficial results, both of home and colonial policy, by an outlay of over \$85,000,000—the average cost of the expenditure of each person being, in the years 1856-7, about twenty-seven dollars. This was the cheapest of any of the passages paid for by the Crown, the charges of shipping being much higher for the first six or eight years after the year 1838.

The settlers having soon become attached to the soil, were naturally anxious that their relatives and friends who still struggled for a mere existence in the old country should join them in their new homes, and enter either the households which they had formed themselves, or those in which they found employment. Government helped them to a consummation of this desire, by arranging and put-

ting in operation the two modes by which immigrants are at this moment introduced into the colony from Great Britain, namely: a selection of proper persons by commissioners appointed by the Government, to be still sent out free; and the finding out and forwarding others nominated by their friends or relatives in the colony, who at the same time remitted the necessary funds (for an outfit and passage) to the agents. This last plan increases in favor with the independent provinces every day, and promises to entirely supersede the original one, of Government help, very soon. It is colonization in its best and most healthy sense, inasmuch as the immigrants, though placed in a strange land on their arrival, do not find themselves in a land of strangers, as they almost immediately rejoin their friends who had preceded them, and re-enter a family circle from which they were never separated in feeling.

The money contributed by persons resident in Australia, in order to pay the passages of friends left behind them, amounted in the year 1858 to \$67,590; in the year 1857 it was \$84,270, and in 1858 it reached the sum of \$106,115. Five thousand seven hundred and twenty passages were secured with the money sent in 1856 and 1857, and the remittances of 1858 would provide for the conveyance of three thousand persons to the new continent. Ever mindful of kindred and old associations, the faithful and true-hearted Irish who went out to Australia during the early years of the second exodus, that to the United States counting as the first—forwarded the chief portion of the amounts just named, in order to relieve their parents, brothers, sisters, and old neighbors from earthly misery, by bringing them to a place where they could find "fair wages for a fair day's work," the only equivalent an Irishman ever wants, but one which he has unfortunately seldom met with in the land of his birth. Giving, as they do, tone and vitality to the society and politics of Australia, the Irish immigrants form a most important element in that population, which is so busily engaged in laying the foundation of a mighty republic that every day looms up more distinctly in the Pacific. As they are engaged prominently in such a good work, it is well that the sons of Ireland are—if possible—more than ordinarily true to the promptings of their own generous hearts, and the teachings of the Catholic Church, showing a filial devotion that causes them to interpret the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," in its most literal and sacred sense. Their inextinguishable love of parents, friends and country bears its own reward—an inspiring gratification and calm quiet of mind resulting from the noble discharge of a Christian duty, and the general approbation of all good men.

We know that most of the Irish in Australia have already enjoyed the former, and we are happy to observe, by our late files, that the latter is not wanting to them. The Sydney Morning Herald of February last, alluding to the subject of immigration by means of cash sent home by children and relatives in the colony, says: "We referred recently to the fact that during ten years the Irish in America had remitted no less than ten millions sterling (\$50,000,000) to bring over their relatives to join them, and this, without any facilities afforded by a government agency, or any contribution from public funds in aid of their liberality. The Irish in Australia exhibit a similar national sympathy and relative generosity; for the immigration agent reports that they exceed all other people in the use they make of the remittance regulations, and in the amount they subscribe towards bringing out their relatives. The English and Scotch would seem to be either less acquainted with the facilities offered by these regulations, or to have fewer friends willing to come out, or else to care less about them."

What a high and gratifying tribute is here paid by the official agents and press of England to the Irish people. It is, indeed, true that Irish emigrants everywhere

"exceed those of all other countries in the use they make of their money to aid their relatives." And whilst "the English and Scotch seem to care less about them," the Irish never forget the mothers who nursed them, the country which gave them birth, the faith in which they were baptized, nor the friendships formed in youth.

We have all heard of the immense strides which the colony of Australia has made in social progress and material wealth within a few years. In 1839 New South Wales was a convict settlement, but ceased to be so in 1840; in 1837 the foundations of the present city of Melbourne were laid; gold was discovered only in the year 1851, and yet the place produced a government revenue amounting to \$11,478,880 in 1857. The productive energy of the Celtic race is evinced in all this, and it is to be hoped that the Irish settlers will soon enjoy in Australia the full measure of happiness which must flow from a free development of their many noble qualities of heart, and that they will take a prominent part in establishing on that continent a future system of democratic government which will remain as a priceless heritage—"nati natum et qui nascentur ab illis"—to their children's children and their grand-children.

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK OF DISTINGUISHED PRELATES.—The Most Rev. Dr. Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon, arrived on Saturday, the 30th, in this city, from San Francisco, where he had been staying some days previous to his departure for the coast. On Sunday he celebrated Mass at the Cathedral, and officiated also at High Mass and Vespers. The Most Rev. Archbishop is accompanied by the Very Rev. Mr. Brouillet, V. G., of Nesqually, Washington Territory.

The exiled Bishop of Puebla, Mexico, Right Rev. Dr. La Bastida, whose arrival in Baltimore we noticed in the last number of THE RECORD, is now sojourning in New York.

A GOOD SUGGESTION IN REGARD TO YOUNG WALL.—The Boston Pilot suggests that it would be better to raise a fund for the education of the boy Wall at some Catholic College, than to be lavishing upon him gold and silver ornaments. It certainly seems to us that this would be a more practical and substantial way of manifesting the general respect which is felt for the heroic conduct of the boy, and we trust that the suggestion will not be permitted to pass unheeded.

[Advertisement.]

A WELL KNOWN TRUTH REGARDING THE SAFETY OF HUMAN LIFE.—Nobody ever went to sea, or was subjected to danger by water, that

EXPECTED TO BE DROWNED!
And yet those who are the least alarmed are generally the persons who are the FIRST TO SUFFER by any sudden or untoward calamity. Being unprepared, they are of course the more liable to be taken by fatal surprise. It is to this class of people that the **DELANO LIFE-PRESERVING COAT AND VEST COMPANY**, No. 336 BROADWAY, more earnestly offer their life-preserving garments for men, women and children. The wearers of these garments (which appear like any other, and are just as cheap and convenient for ordinary wear).

CANNOT BE DROWNED.

General George F. Morris, in his Home Journal of April 16, thus speaks of his experience and knowledge of these unequalled articles:

THE FAST AGE GIVES RISE TO FEARFUL INVENTIONS.—American travel—in fact, all travel—is essentially fast at the present day. It is so fast, in fact, that one is not safe from drowning either in steamer, packet, yacht, row-boat or ferry-boat. Collisions, wrong currents, sudden squalls—well, we are not mariners enough to be qualified to catalogue all the difficulties of water-journeying—are constantly threatening the traveller with what the reporters vividly and curiously describe as "a watery grave." We are not anxious to confess that these facts—amounting in our minds to positive convictions—induce us to look about for a neat, safe, certain, and easily adapted life-preserver, and we have found it, thanks to the "Delano Life Preserving Coat and Vest Company." This association has made a vast wealth, were we compelled to brave the perils of the ocean or river, would infallibly prevent us from dying by drowning. With one of these garments on, it is, we are satisfied, impossible to sink below the shoulder. The vest we wear every day, and a very handsome one it is. The life-preserving attachment can be placed at any style of upper garment for gentlemen, ladies and children.

The offices and salesrooms of the Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company are at
No. 350 Broadway.
Ready-made life-preserving clothing on hand for men, women and children.
may 15

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Sermon of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

[Reported expressly for The Metropolitan Record.]

The first of May was signalized in the Catholic history of our Metropolis by the laying of the corner stone of a new church in Forty-ninth street, near Ninth avenue. The occasion was one of more than usual interest, not only to the residents of the immediate neighborhood, but to a large number of Catholics from other parts of the city. The weather, which was anything but favorable during the greater part of the Spring, was all that could be desired on the day selected for this sacred purpose. A large proportion of the Catholic population of this locality is German, and although there will doubtless be a considerable number of Irish in the congregation, yet the majority will of course be natives of the Fatherland. At the laying of the corner stone the German element preponderated, and it was peculiarly gratifying to witness the order and harmony that prevailed among the six thousand persons who were assembled on and around the site of the future church. The edifice in which the sacred ceremonies of our holy religion are at present celebrated, is a small and unpretending frame structure on the corner of Fifth street and Ninth avenue, but so rapid has been the growth of this part of the city, and of its Catholic population, within the last few years, that it has been found insufficient for some time past for the accommodation of its largely increased and increasing congregation. The new church, when erected, is to be dedicated to St. Mary of the Ascension.

We have said that there were six thousand persons present, and among these were several religious societies who had come from other parts of the city to attend at the ceremony, which took place about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was three o'clock, however, when the societies arrived, preceded by bands of music, and with banners bearing appropriate devices and inscriptions in German. The following are the names of these associations, and the number of their members:

Society of St. Joseph, of Third street, numbering one hundred and fifty members, preceded by a band and wearing badges.

Society of St. John, of Third street, consisting of one hundred and twenty members, with badges.

Society of St. James, also of Third street, wearing badges. This body had eighty members in its ranks.

Society of St. Francis, numbering one hundred members, wearing badges, and having a banner borne before them.

Society of St. Francis Xavier, of Thirtieth street, composed of two hundred members, wearing badges and carrying a banner.

There was a posse of police under the command of Capt. Coulter and Sergeant Murphy, to preserve order, but their duty was light for there never was a more decorous or orderly assemblage collected on any occasion. A platform was erected for the Most Reverend Archbishop and the officiating clergy, consisting of the Very Rev. Mr. Brouillet, the Rev. Francis McNierney, the Rev. Mr. Petch, and the Rev. Andrew Krasny. It was tastefully decorated with arches and wreaths of evergreens, and bore on its front the symbol of salvation, which was also decorated with evergreens.

The new edifice which is to rise on this spot will hold a congregation of about a thousand persons, and will be an ornament to this part of the city.

THE SERMON.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of laying the corner stone, the Most Reverend Archbishop ascended the platform and delivered the following sermon:

I am about, said he, to read from the 126th Psalm of the Prophet David, which he commences with these words: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

These words, dearly beloved Brethren, continued the Most Reverend Prelate, are taken from the service directed to be used in blessing the corner stone of a Catholic church, because it is the corner stone, and because the corner stone of all religion is expressed in the words of the royal Prophet when he says, that "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

There are two foundations therefore: one

of material stone, and another, an everlasting corner stone of Faith in God. And it is to this latter, dearly beloved brethren, that I would now call your attention in the few brief remarks which I am about to make. The whole of the ritual which we have gone through has reference to something vastly higher than building a house upon this earth out of earthly materials; nevertheless, even in laying the first stone, the Church proposes to her children the true object of a temple to be erected in honor of the living God; and every prayer, and every chant, and every ceremony connected with the laying of the corner stone of the church that is to rise in this place, has reference to the higher and everlasting Church and Tabernacle to which God invites us all. The prayers are for the perpetuity of the faith of those who shall adore God on the spot. The prayers are for the perfection of the charity of heart by which Christians love each other, who shall assemble before the altar that is to rise where I now stand. The prayers are for the purity of soul of Catholics who shall hereafter come into this Tabernacle to make their peace with God, to make known their wants and calamities to Him, and to ask from Him Consolation and relief. The prayers are for the perpetuation of the soundness of faith in doctrine. The prayers are for the rightful administration of the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. In short, beloved brethren, the prayers connected with the ceremony of laying the corner stone, have a much higher, more lasting, and more elevated purpose than the mere benediction of dead matter, which has no value except in so far as by the benediction of the Church it is made useful towards the worship and the honor of the Creator of the Universe.

What then is the purpose for which it is to be erected? The purpose will be to echo and re-echo from age to age the one unchangeable, eternal truth which the Son of God revealed to His Church, and appointed her to communicate to all generations and all times, that is the purpose. It will also be, besides this, the purpose to administer the Sacraments commencing with Baptism, then Confirmation, then Penance, the Absolution of Sin, the Administration of the Holy Eucharist, then when the parties to be united in holy matrimony come before the altar of God, then for the Ordination of the Priesthood, and finally as the foundation from which the last Sacrament derives its grace—that of Extreme Unction for the benefit of the dying. Let us again ask what is the purpose of the Catholic Church in this ceremony? Is it that learned men shall mount on a rostrum like this and give out their own dreams about truth? Is that the idea? No, beloved brethren, that is the idea of a rostrum anywhere. They who shall have permission to preach from this spot must speak the truth and leave their opinions entirely aside, for Jesus Christ never revealed an opinion. He spoke truth—"yea, yea," and "nay, nay;" but opinions never were revealed; they do not constitute any part of the body and substance of Christian revelation; they belong to men, and when men stand aloof by themselves, let them express their opinions; that is their right. They may say these opinions are the opinions of God, but such a thing can never happen here; truth is one, as its author is one, and allows of no contradiction, no speculation. It is quite certain that on all other subjects a man may have his opinion, and Catholics have them abundantly, but whenever they pretend to speak in the name of God and of His Church, they put their opinions aside and take up truths, facts that were originally revealed, that are known all over the earth, and supported by all the members of that great communion in which there is no contradiction, either in the course of ages, or in the difference of longitude and latitude. One small voice all over the earth proclaims the truth of the Catholic religion, and it is the same for the peasant as for the Pope. The Pope may understand it better, but it is the same for both, and the Pope can have no opinion any more than the peasant. God has made it faith, and having made it so, it cannot be changed. He has also said that "without faith it is impossible to please God."

It is for such a purpose, then, that we have laid the corner stone of this church. Those who are to worship in it do not understand, perhaps, the language that I speak, but the language of faith is common to them and to

me, and to all nations, because in the language of faith there is a universal tongue, a universal understanding among Catholics, so that go to China and you find the faith the same as in New York and as in Rome, the same doctrine in a new tongue so far as the words are concerned, but you can read it with the eye in the spectacle of the altar.

What, then, have I to say in addition? I have to congratulate you that God himself has made you by His grace members of the Church of His Divine Son. That Church was to be one, one Shepherd and one sheepfold, and it is His grace and not your deserving that has brought you into communion with it. Cherish and appreciate that communion, for after all the human mind is so constituted that we cannot live or enjoy life if we are to be eternally tossed about upon the ocean of uncertainty and human speculation. The mind of man, like the dove from the ark, requires a resting place somewhere, and if it is to be eternally agitated upon that sea of doubt, and buffeted by the winds of human speculation and uncertainty, its condition becomes intolerable. It is not indeed surprising that men of great education, under the pressure of that condition, should seek refuge in the old ark that has floated upon the sea of ages for eighteen hundred years, and like the dove returning to the hand of the Patriarch, find repose within its sanctuary. What more have I to say to you, except that you should be grateful for this grace of God—that you should value it and try to serve God in every way by avoiding evil in the first place, and then by doing good, by truthfulness, by rectitude, by sobriety, by chastity, which is a Christian, a Catholic virtue; by every virtue that is pleasing to God; that would give evidence of your gratitude for His unspeakable mercy in bestowing upon you the gift of faith. In this it is necessary that the German Catholics should stand shoulder to shoulder, for although there will of course be Irish Catholics among the worshippers before this altar, yet of course the Germans will largely preponderate; that they shall allow no division among themselves, and that they shall persevere in this work till it be carried to the perfect issue they contemplate.

I have perhaps detained you too long as I have no doubt you desire to hear one who will address you in your own native tongue. For those who do not understand my rough language it will be pleasant to hear the music of their mother tongue from one who will doubtless make it music to them.

The Archbishop now gave the multitude the Apostolic benediction, after which an impressive sermon in the German language was delivered by Rev. Mr. Brandstader. At the close of the sermon the people dispersed in the same orderly manner in which they had assembled.

A TESTIMONIAL OF FRIENDSHIP AND PERSONAL MERIT.—Mr. W. J. Sullivan, so well known as the Superintendent of the Sunday School attached to St. Cathedral, was on last Sunday evening complimented by the teachers of the school, by being presented with a copy of the preamble and resolutions which had been unanimously adopted by them at one of their meetings. Mr. Sullivan had been connected with this school for a period of seven years, and had gained the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was, we understand, obliged to resign on account of business which required his whole attention.

The resolutions were very neatly engraved and handsomely framed, and will no doubt attract considerable attention when placed alongside of the beautiful silver tea set of which he was the recipient three years ago from the hands of the same teachers. The resolutions are warm in their expressions of friendship, and pay a high tribute of respect to the Mr. Sullivan for his many estimable qualities. They also refer in appropriate terms to his services in the position which he formerly occupied. They were presented on behalf of the teachers by a committee consisting of Messrs. Foster, Gilroy and Kelly, and were received by Mr. Sullivan, who exhibited much emotion during the brief and appropriate remarks which he made in reply.

After the presentation the teachers, who were all present, were entertained with the most generous hospitality by the kind hosts.

The following are the names signed to the document: John R. M. Sheil, William Griffin, James W. Connolly, Thomas Trainor, James Leonard, Joseph P. Kennedy, Michael Cunningham, Chas. Hart, Hugh Gilroy, John J. Backett, William Campbell, John Kelly, John McClellan, Laurence Murphy, William J. Mooney and Francis O'Neill.

COMMITTEE—John J. Foster, Thos. F. Gilroy, Nicholas S. Kelly.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE MORE PROMISING.

SARDINIA WILL DISARM.

Approaching Elections in Ireland.

Our latest advices from Europe are by the North Briton, which left Liverpool April 20, and arrived at Quebec on the morning of the 2d inst. The news is important as bearing on the question of peace or war in Europe, and is rather in favor of the former. The following are the leading features of her news:

IRELAND.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS AND REPRESENTATIVE CHANGES.—The London papers of the 16th and 18th of April devote several pages to a summary of the changes likely to occur in the Parliamentary representation of the United Kingdom by the dissolution. We publish that portion of it which is of special interest to our Irish readers:—

In Meath, Mr. MacEvoy and Mr. Corbally will be elected without opposition.

In Wexford, Mr. McMahon's seat is held to be safe. There will be a contest between the Whig sitting member, Mr. Hatchell, and the Conservative Solicitor-General, Mr. George, who was displaced in 1857.

In Dungarvan, the opposition threatened against Mr. Maguire seems to have evaporated. He is likely to walk over.

In Dundalk, the same holds good of Mr. Bowyer. Sir John McNeill will not oppose him, and Dean Kieran continues his support.

In Waterford City, the friends of Mr. Blake consider him safe. Mr. Hassard also seeks re-election, and he is to be opposed by Sir H. Winston Barron, Bart.

No contest is looked for in Leitrim, where Mr. Brady and Mr. Gore expect re-election.

Tipperary, will, it is said, return Mr. Waldron and The O'Donohue without opposition.

In Kilkenny County, the Independent Club has selected Mr. G. H. Moore to be the colleague of the present member, Mr. John Greene; Sergeant Shea has published his address, and it is expected will coalesce with the Hon. Edgar Ellis. The contest will be one of the most interesting in Ireland.

In Mayo, Lord John Brown and Captain Palmer expect to be re-elected without opposition.

In Limerick County, Mr. Monsell is considered safe. Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson seeks to fill the vacancy made by Mr. de Vere's retirement. He has published an address, Mr. G. Sinan, of Padmore House, is also pursuing an active canvass, and, according to the newspapers, Mr. Henry Lyons, of Croom, has returned from London to press his claims on the electors.

In the City of Limerick, Mr. Russell, Mr. Spaight, and Major Gavin are the three candidates among whom the fight is to take place.

For Cork City, Messrs. Fagan and Beamish, the sitting members, are to be opposed by Col. Wood and Mr. Carroll.

In Antrim County, Mr. H. H. O'Hara (Liberal) is canvassing. Col. Packenham and Gen. Upton will come forward. Mr. Macartney will not be a candidate.

In Athlone, Mr. Longworth of Glynwood, (Conservative) is a rumored candidate. Mr. Robert Preston Bayley will offer himself.

In Carlow Borough, it is rumored that Mr. Thomas Ball, Q.C., will contest.

In Cashel, Sir T. O'Brien declines to come forward.

In Carrickfergus, an eminent Q. C. is said to be about coming forward on the Conservative interest.

In Drogheda Mr. Carew O'Dwyer has issued his address. Another candidate is announced. In Donegal County, Thomas Connolly, Esq., and Sir E. Hayes will come forward.

In Derry County, Mr. Peel Dawson is in the field. Mr. S. M. Greer will again stand. Sir Frederick Heygate, Mr. J. B. Beresford, and Mr. Adams are also mentioned.

In Enniskillen no contest is expected. In Kildare County, Mr. Cogan has again addressed the electors.

In Kinsale Borough, Major Boothby, a near relative of Lord Fermoy, has come forward.

In Lisburn, Sir James Higginson will come forward.

Sir C. Eyre Coote retires from the Queen's County; Mr. O'Connor Henchy, from Kildare; Lord F. Conyngham, from Clare; Mr. Power, from Waterford County; Mr. McCann, from Drogheda; Mr. de Vere, from Limerick; Sir Timothy O'Brien, from Cashel; Mr. Cooper, from Sligo County; Mr. Clarke, from London-

derry; Mr. Sullivan (it is said), from Kilkenny City, and Lord Castlereagh, from Kerry; but this last report The Times Chronicle regards as unfounded.

In Clare, Mr. Calcutt seeks re-election. Col. Luke White and Col. Vandeleur are said to be the new candidates.

For Kilkenny City, Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Loughnan are in the field. Mr. Sullivan is said to have retired, but The Kilkenny Journal maintains that "Sullivan is the man." Mr. Tottenham seeks re-election at New Ross, and Mr. John Rea, of Belfast, has issued an address to the electors. He says that up to the present assizes he was an Independent Oppositionist, but the recent attempts to pack juries have convinced him that all sections of Irish Liberals are bound to unite, though a Liberal government more inefficient than the last should be the consequence.

For Longford, Col. Greville and Col. Henry White are in the field. Mr. Kirwan has published an address.

For Westmeath, in addition to Capt. Magan and Sir R. Levinge, Mr. Pollard Urquhart is coming forward.

Sergeant Deasy and Mr. MacCarthy seek re-election in Cork County.

Ennis seems likely to return the Right Hon. J. D. Vincent Fitzgerald. Capt. Stackpole is said to have refused to stand.

Galway City will be vigorously contested by Mr. Lewis and Mr. French, against Lord Dundalkin, and, some say, Sir Thomas Redington.

For Galway County, Mr. Bellew comes forward against Mr. Gregory and Sir Thomas Burke. There is a talk of Lord Dunloe. In Kildare, Mr. Cogan is considered safe. Who will replace Mr. O'Connor Henchy is uncertain.

Mr. Fortesque is safe in Louth, against Mr. O'Clintock. Mr. Montesquieu Bellew will try his chance once more.

At Cashel, Wexford, Drogheda, Youghal, Athlone, Sligo and Kinsale, contests are expected.

In Waterford County, Capt. Esmond seeks re-election. Mr. Power is urged to abandon his intention to retire, and the Hon. Ely Hutchinson and Sir Robert Paul are the conservative candidates.

King's County seems likely to return, for the third time, Mr. P. O'Brien and Mr. Loftus Blund.

WHAT AN ENGLISH PAPER SAYS ABOUT GALWAY.—The fortune of Galway is assured; her manifest destiny is to become the great transatlantic packet station of Ireland—the nearest port of embarkation and disembarkation between North America and Europe. The Commissioners appointed by the Admiralty to examine the capabilities of her port and harbor have reported most favorably on all points. Galway Bay is, they say, a harbor formed by nature; its approach from the ocean is well defined, it is easy of access, and it is free from outlying dangers. It possesses the advantage of a magnificent natural breakwater, with two broad, navigable channels, well marked by day and well lighted by night, and within its vessels are safe from wind and wave. So much for the harbor. As to the claims of Galway to be a packet station, the Commissioners refer to the performances of the Lever Company as a conclusive answer to that question. It is, they say, an established fact, that large transatlantic steamers carrying three hundred passengers have for months used Galway as a packet station, having performed their voyages with punctuality and safety, and on one occasion having made the passage from Newfoundland to Ireland in less than six days—the quickest passage on record. Wisely considering that these facts are worth more than all the arguments that could be crowded upon paper, the Commissioners content themselves with recording them, simply recommending certain arrangements for the convenient landing and embarkation of passengers and goods, especially during the winter months. Galway has thus gained the palm for well-directed Irish enterprise.

"She won it well, and may she wear it long!"

(Civil Service Gazette.)

DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF ARTHUR O'CONNOR.—The widow of General Arthur O'Conner, daughter of the Marquis de Condorset, has died in retirement on her estate in France, where she has been interred in privacy. The opinions of her father and husband are known—Arthur, the Irish rebel, was from Bandon, and was brother to Roger, who rented Dangan Castle from the Wellesleys, and to Father Fergus O'Connor, to whom the Norwich folks are erecting an English statue. The dynasty is now extinct.

[Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Chas. O'Conor, belongs to a branch of the same noble family.—Ed. RECORD.]

EXECUTION OF THE SENTENCE ON DANIEL SULLIVAN.—At a few minutes before nine o'clock this morning, Daniel Sullivan, of Bonane, arrived at the railway station in a covered car, escorted only by Constable Walker and two sub-constables. The manacles were removed

from his feet before he left the car, but the handcuffs were retained. A number of the local constabulary were in waiting; but as no one expected that the prisoner would be removed in so short a time after his sentence, the only persons on the platform were the officials. He wore the dress of a convict, resembling that used by the paupers in some of our workhouses, but of a far inferior quality. On coming out of the car he gave a wistful look in the direction of Mangerton and Torc, which separates Killarney from Kenmare, as if to take a parting glance at those well-known mountains. Then turning suddenly round, as if overpowered by the recollections which they conjured up, he walked quickly to the platform and shortly after took his place in a small third class carriage, together with his escort. His destination is Mountjoy Convict Depot, Dublin. Your reporter was wrong in stating that Daniel Sullivan was a married man. It was the wife of John D. Sullivan who fainted in the gallery, on hearing the sentence. [Correspondent of Tralee Chronicle.]

THE GAVAZZI RIOTS.—In all probability (says The Galway Indicator) a satisfactory arrangement of this business will be effected, which must tend to restore the religious and social harmony of the town. The magistrates on Monday showed a most laudable desire to effect such a consummation. Even Mr. Brownrigg fully admitted the quiet and orderly habits and demeanor of the people during the seven years of his mission of discord among them. He bore evidence to the important fact that only for the disastrous invitation of Gavazzi by five Protestant clergymen, to lecture in Galway, the riots could not possibly have occurred. These five clergymen, then, must bear the onus of all that took place, of inciting to a breach of the peace, and of the disruption of those ties which held Catholic and Protestant citizens bound together. Warden Daly only acted in accordance with his whole career as a clergyman. He set his face against Gavazzi and his teachings, and the event proved his wisdom as well as his Christian feeling. We hope the matter may be arranged, and a veil of oblivion flung over the whole transaction.

SHIPWRECK OF A LIMERICK VESSEL.—The coast-guard cutter Desmond, on the 8th ult., fell in with an abandoned schooner in the Blasket Sound. The cutter anchored close under the cliffs, slipped her cables and took her into Dingle. She belongs to John Norris Russell and Sons of Limerick; her cargo consists of flour and meal, and is valued at one thousand or twelve hundred pounds, besides the value of the ship. The Messrs. Russell are enterprising merchants, and excellent and liberal employers, and we very much regret their loss on this occasion. The crew of the Desmond will profit well by it, and we wish them luck of their chance.

ENGLAND.

On the 19th, says the City Article of The London Daily News, the funds opened at a fall of nearly 1-14 per cent, the feeling of discouragement existing being increased by ministerial statements on Continental politics. The downward tendency was, however, checked by the appearance in The Monitor of another official note of a pacific character, but more particularly by the fact that the supply of stock abroad is limited. During the afternoon the market strengthened, and at the close firmness was induced by the statement that Sardinia had consented to disarm.

Consols finally left off the same as the day previous.

The drain of gold from the Bank, in payment of the silver obtained from the Continent, continues. The amount withdrawn since the date of the last return, is about £250,000.

The London Times City Article says the Ministers' statements caused the funds to open very heavily at 1-14 decline, at which they remained some time, but the article in The Monitor caused a rally to the prices of Monday.

Lord Derby stated that before finally abandoning all hopes of an adjustment, the British Government had suggested one more proposition, the nature of which he was not at liberty to state. The Times says this proposition is understood to have been only despatched to Vienna on the 18th, and an answer has not been received.

Both Houses of Parliament assembled on the 19th for the purpose of prorogation. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. It merely says that it is intended to dissolve Parliament forthwith, with the view to enable the people to express, in the mode prescribed by the constitution, their opinion on the state of public affairs; thanks the Commons for granting the necessary supplies, and con-

cludes by stating that a dissolution has been rendered necessary by the difficulties experienced in carrying on public business, as indicated by the fact that within a little more than a year, two successive administrations have failed to retain the confidence of the House of Commons, and hopes that the result may enable the Government to be conducted by a Ministry possessed of the confidence of Parliament and the people.

Mr. Disraeli said that Parliament would be formally dissolved and writs issued for the new elections on the 25th.

FRANCE.

The Monitor of the 19th ult. has an official article on the situation.

It explains the basis agreed upon for the proposed Congress, and the present position of the negotiations, and says that France, willing to prove her conciliatory disposition, promised to request Piedmont to disarm, on condition that Piedmont and the other Italian States be invited to take part in the Congress. It hopes this proposal will meet with the unanimous consent of these Powers. France has even added that she is disposed to accept a disarmament previously to the Congress. Everything, therefore, justifies the belief that if all the difficulties are not yet removed, a definite understanding will ere long be established, and that no further obstacle will oppose the assembling of the Congress.

The Paris Bourse on the 18th was buoyant, and an advance of a quarter took place. On the 19th the Threes opened at a further advance of nearly a quarter, but receded, closing flat at 67½.

A rumor was circulated in London on the 19th, that the Emperor Napoleon's life had been attempted, but obtained little credence, and was wholly ungrounded.

ITALY.

The London Daily News has the following dispatch, dated Turin, 19th ult.:

"At a Council of Ministers held this morning, at which the King was present, it was resolved that, in order to give Europe notice of the desire of Sardinia to remove the difficulties which delay the meeting of the Congress, Sardinia yields to the demands of England and France, and accepts the principle of disarmament, the details of which she leaves to be discussed in the Congress.

The King of Naples had taken leave of his family and received the sacrament. He had been reported dead, but the latest advices, to the 16th, say he still survived.

Austria is increasing the garrison.

A sedition riot had taken place among the students at Bologna. The troops were ordered to fire upon them, and several persons were wounded.

AUSTRIA.

The London Herald denies that English ships of war are to be sent to Trieste.

All the routes leading to Italy are still covered with military convoys, and are monopolized for the public service.

The entire second Austrian corps d'armes has left to join the army of Italy, and the nomination of their new Field Marshals is spoken of.

THE RECORD'S RESUME OF THE WAR CRISIS.

The advices from Europe by the Circassian and Bremen, at the office of The Record dated to the 19th of April, indicate at first sight the near approach of a continental war which in its progress must soon involve all the great powers, including England and Russia, in its complications and horrors. The very elaborate statements with respect to the Italian crisis made to both Houses of the English Parliament by the Derby ministers on the 18th ultimo would, if interpreted literally, lead one to suppose that the disastrous event of the breaking out of hostilities between France and Sardinia on the one side, and Austria on the other could only be deferred for about four or five weeks at the most, and that England would be compelled to maintain an armed neutrality in order to uphold her position and render her power effective in case of eventualities forcing her to take part in the conflict. We are also told by the English officials that the *entente cordial* which has existed between France and England since the period of the Crimean war has been much weakened of late, and that Russia is likely to side with France in the coming contest whilst Great Britain and Prussia would prefer to sympathize with Austria.

Every friend of humanity must regret such a state of things if the political picture referred to were a faithful representation of the situation. We must recollect, however, that the Derby explanation has been made in

the face of a dissolution of Parliament and a consequent general election in the United Kingdom. The struggle for place and power amongst the aristocrats of England is just as eager and fierce, in its own way, as is the fight for office after a Presidential election amongst ourselves. Lord Derby knows very well that the masses of mere Englishmen hate the name of Napoleon and fear the French people, notwithstanding that victory at Waterloo. In consequence of this feeling they dislike a war on the continent, lest during its progress the Silent Man of Destiny who now sits on the throne of his great uncle should undertake to avenge his memory and the indignities of Saint Helena, by throwing an army across the channel and keeping that water clear by the occupation of Portsmouth or Plymouth. This would not be a very difficult war feat, in those days when great steam navies have made the "wooden walls" of Nelson naval curiosities of a time apparently long past, and when rifled cannon, sweeping off objects distant three or four miles, would effectually neutralize the bayonet charges of courageous infantry as well as the prompt "up and at them" of the Guards. Although the people cannot afford to read the newspapers daily in England they still possess a sufficient insight of politics to enable them to estimate the general commercial ruin which would ensue to them from such an attempt and their dread of France is proportionally increased.

Now, Lord Derby knows that Lord Palmerston, the Premier expectant who is likely to oust him from place, is accused of entertaining an earnest sympathy for Napoleon the Third, and ranks in popular estimation as a sort of Celto-Irish Frenchman, and Lord Derby chooses to play a little on the fears of John Bull, and thus render Lord Palmerston's chance of a return to office by an election majority in the Commons almost hopeless. By going to the polls with the cry of "Beware of Napoleon and his sympathizers in Parliament," Derby will combine in his favor the votes of the landlords who fear for their rents, the financiers who tremble for the safety of the three per cents, and the manufacturers, who know that trade would stand still whilst all eyes were watching the movements of Napoleon's steam flotilla. This state of facts will account for a good deal of exaggeration in the late Parliamentary speeches.

That the Anglo-French alliance is on the wane, if it was ever sincere, we doubt not, and that the continental crisis is very grave in its character we are equally well assured, but that a war will immediately ensue between the powers referred to in our opening remarks, we may be permitted to doubt, as The Record has heretofore doubted. Indeed, the very last advices from England, received at our office on Monday by the North Briton at Quebec, bears us out in our opinion, for we are told by telegraph that the aspect of affairs is "more re-assuring," that "Sardinia is about to disarm," and that "Napoleon had issued a very peaceful manifesto in The Paris Monitor."

This state of things may cut away the ground of Derby's return to office, but no matter how it affects her place-hunters now, it is very certain that the day is near at hand when England's influence, generally exercised for evil on the Continent of Europe, will be effectually destroyed, and when her politicians will have little to care for but their own insular squabbles and the trade interests of those "shop-keepers," so despised by Napoleon the First.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AT THE URSLINE CONVENT.—On Thursday morning, the 28th ult., two young ladies received the White Veil at the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, East Morrisania. The Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Vicar-General of the Diocese, officiated and preached an appropriate discourse on the occasion.

OUR CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.—In our next week's issue we shall give an account of the early history of the first Catholic Charitable Institution established in our Metropolis—the Orphan Asylum in Prince street. The facts connected with its organization, and the first years of its existence, possess unusual interest, and the article will, we have no doubt, be read with both profit and pleasure by all who would know what Catholics have done and are doing for the establishment and support of institutions of a kindred character in this city.

A CHILD CARRIED OFF BY AN EAGLE.—An infant, in the care of Charley Stewart, a boy ten years old, had been carried off by an eagle to his nest in the mountains. The distracted mother, with the boy and a feeble old man, followed it. Having reached the summit of the crag by a circuitous path, they could now descry the two eagles to which the nest belonged, soaring aloft at a great distance. They looked over the cliff as far as they could stretch with safety; but although old Peter was so well acquainted with the place where the nest was built, as at once to fix on the very spot whence the descent ought to be made, the verge of the rock there projected itself so far over the ledge where the nest rested, as to render it quite invisible from above. They could only perceive the thick sea of pine foliage that rose up the slope below, and clustered closely against the base of the precipice. A few small stunted fir-trees grew scattered upon the otherwise bare summit where they stood. Old Peter set himself down behind one of these, and placed a leg on each side of it, so as to secure himself from all chance of being pulled over the precipice by any sudden jerk, whilst Charley's little fingers were actively employed in undoing the great bundle of hair-line, and in tying one end of it round his body and under his armpits. The unhappy mother was now busily assisting the boy, and now moving restlessly about, in doubtful hesitation whether she should yet allow him to go down. When all was ready, Charley Stewart slipped the skien-dhu in his shoe, and went boldly but cautiously over the edge of the cliff. He was no sooner fairly swung into the air than the hair-rope stretched to a degree so alarming, that Bessy Macdermot stood upon the giddy verge gnawing her very fingers, from the horrible dread that possessed her that she was to see it give way and divide. Peter sat astride against the root of the tree, carefully eyeing every inch of the line ere he allowed it to pass through his hands, and every now and then pausing—hesitating, shaking his head most ominously, as certain portions of it, here and there, appeared to him of doubtful strength. Meanwhile, Charley felt himself gradually descending, and turning round at the end of the rope by his own weight, his brave little heart beating, and his brain whirling, from the novelty and danger of his daring attempt—the screams of the young eagles sounding harshly in his ears, and growing louder and louder as he slowly neared them. He reached the slanting surface of the ledge, and found the child between two eaglets. Being at once satisfied that it would be worse than hazardous to trust the hair-line with the weight of the child, in addition to his own, he undid it from his body. Approaching the nest, he gently lifted the crying infant from between its two screeching and somewhat pugnacious companions. The moment he had done so, the little innocent became quiet, and instantly recognized him; she held out her hands, and smiled and chuckled to him, at once oblivious of her miseries. Charley kissed his little favorite over and over again, and then he proceeded to tie the rope around and across her, so as to guard against all possibility of its slipping. Having accomplished this, he shouted to Peter to pull away—kissed the little Rosa once more, and then committed her to the vacant air. Nothing could equal the anxiety he endured whilst he beheld her slowly rising upwards. And when he beheld the mother's hands appear over the edge of the rock, and snatch her from his sight, nothing could match the shout of delight which he gave. The maternal screams of joy which followed, and which came faintly down to his ears, were to him a full reward for all the terrors of his desperate enterprise. For that instant he forgot the perilous situation in which he then stood, and the risk that he had yet to run ere he was successfully extricated from it.

A NEW STEAMER ADDED TO THE GALWAY LINE.—It will, we have no doubt, be gratifying to the numerous supporters of the Galway line to learn that the splendid steamer *Adelaide*, lately purchased by Mr. Lever in Liverpool, has taken her place on the route between Galway and this port. She is at present on her way to Newfoundland, having sailed from Galway on the 50th of April.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE NOT DEAD.—The relatives of the distinguished author of "Democracy in America" contradict the report of his death, which originated with a London paper and has been re-produced in this country. The eminent writer has merely left Paris for London in order to recruit his health.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES. By Frederick William Faber, D. D., author of "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," "Blessed Sacrament," "Creator and Creature," "Foot of the Cross," &c. With the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

* * * * *

"Let us conclude. We have been speaking of kindness. Perhaps we might better have called it the spirit of Jesus. What an amulet we should find it in our passage through life, if we would say to ourselves two or three times a day these soft words of Scripture, 'My spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honeycomb!' Eccl. xiv. 27. But you will say, perhaps, 'After all, it is a very little virtue, very much a matter of natural temperament, and rather

As a taste for reading assists us by illuminating our own work, so does it enlarge our charity to the work of others. The more we know, the less narrow are our minds. Our sphere of vision is increased. Our horizon is wider. We appreciate the manifold varieties of grace and of vocations. We see how God's glory finds its account in almost infinite diversity, and how holiness is the common end of all. Thus, whatever is wrong in this life is acceptable to the Father in that other man. Hence we free ourselves from little jealousies, from uncharitable doubts, from unworthy suspicions, from unsympathetic cautions, from ungenerous delays, from narrow criticisms, from collected pedantries, from shallow pompousness, from the petty quarrels of trifling things which are the special diseases of little great men and little good men, and which may be

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR MAY.

In this number there is the commencement of a story from the French of Octave Feuillet, entitled "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," which will run through five numbers, and which, we doubt not, will be read with universal pleasure. It is the antipodes of the modern French school of novels and romances, free from the objectionable traits that disgrace them, and compared with which it is as a breath of fresh air after the stifling atmosphere of an over-crowded saloon. Its success is a proof that the morbid sentiments and

There is an article on "Adulteration of Food," a subject we have touched upon in The Record, which challenges serious attention from the nature of the facts it makes public and their vital importance to the public health.

This is the title of a new Catholic monthly in-

used in Corand and which we cordially welcome. It contains forty pages of clearly printed type, a large amount of which is original matter of excellent quality; the selections are carefully made and the poetry is graceful and intensely national. The leading article in the number is, "The Battle of the Boyne" which though a victory was considered so little of a triumph that the Williamite Legislators made it penal for any one to publish the truth concerning it. The narrative of this momentous battle in which fifteen thousand Irish and five thousand French and Swiss soldiers received a bloody repulse of fifty thousand English and Hanoverian troops, is the most stirring and stirring of any type, and the most stirring thing of the night, and were unconquered at the close is told clearly and succinctly in graphic language and with patriotic pride. A map of the battle field and the adjoining localities gives additional volume to this historical annals and enables the

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